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A MAGAZINE FOR MEN AND WOMEN

JUNE 1950

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BRITANNIA and EVE

VOL. 40 No. 6 JUNE, 1950

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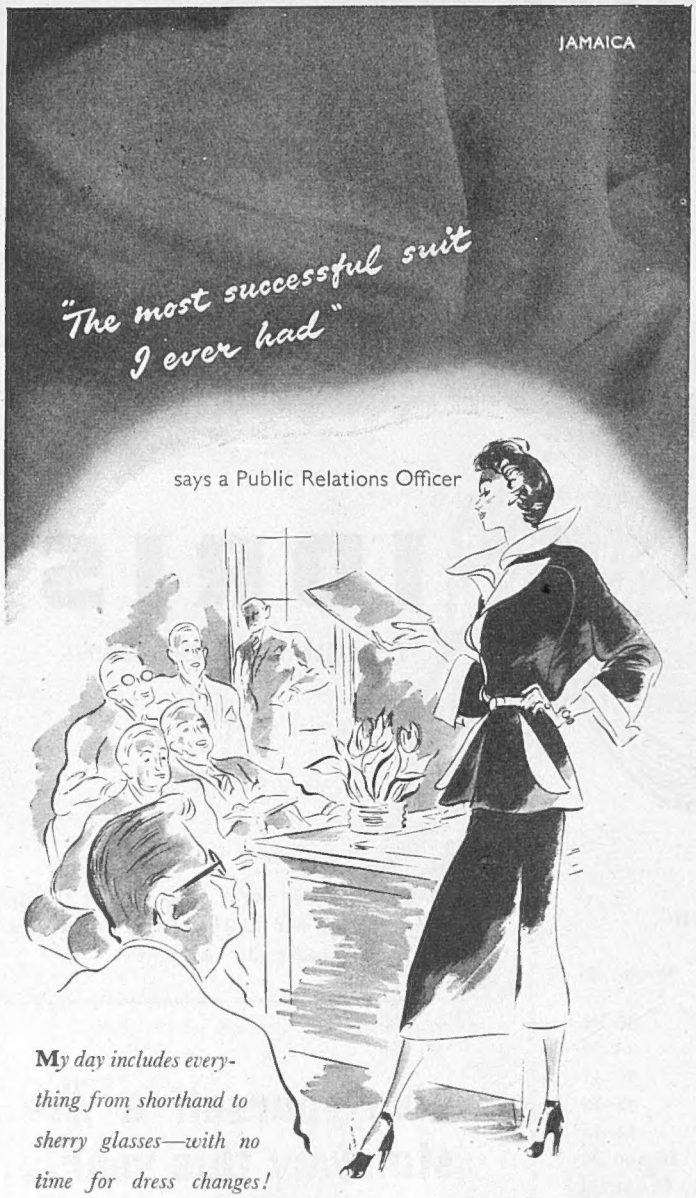

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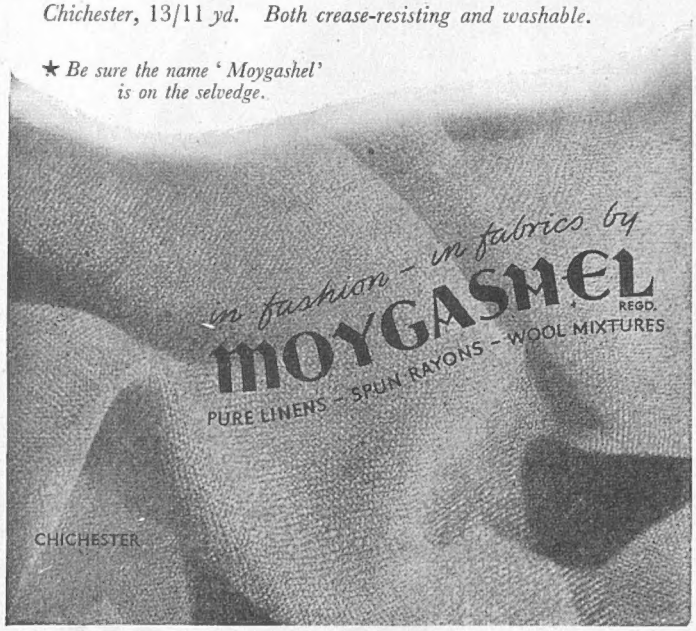

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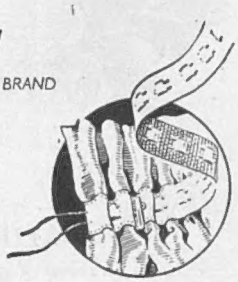

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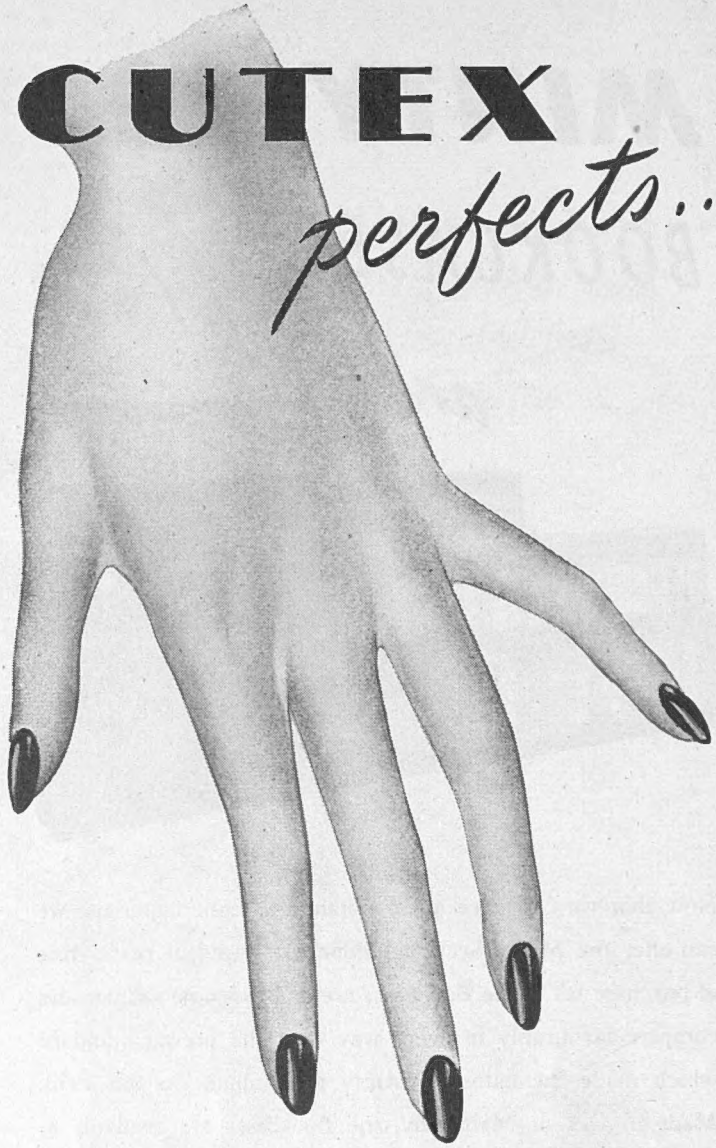

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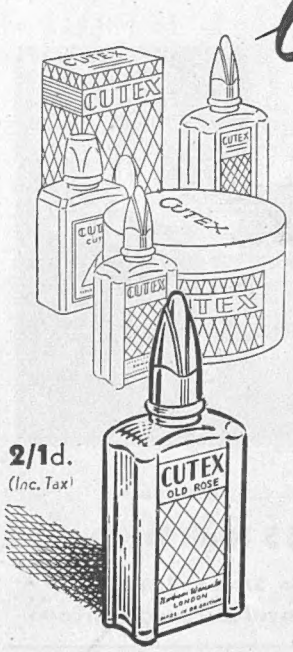

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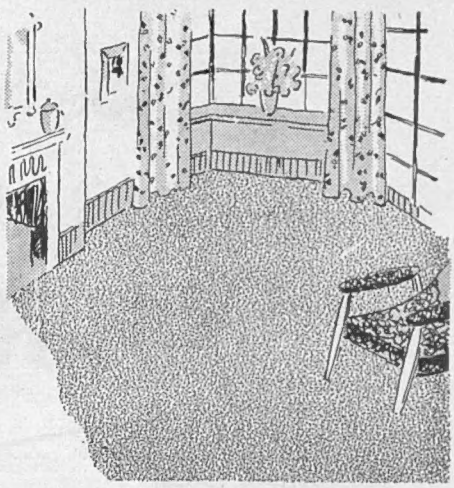

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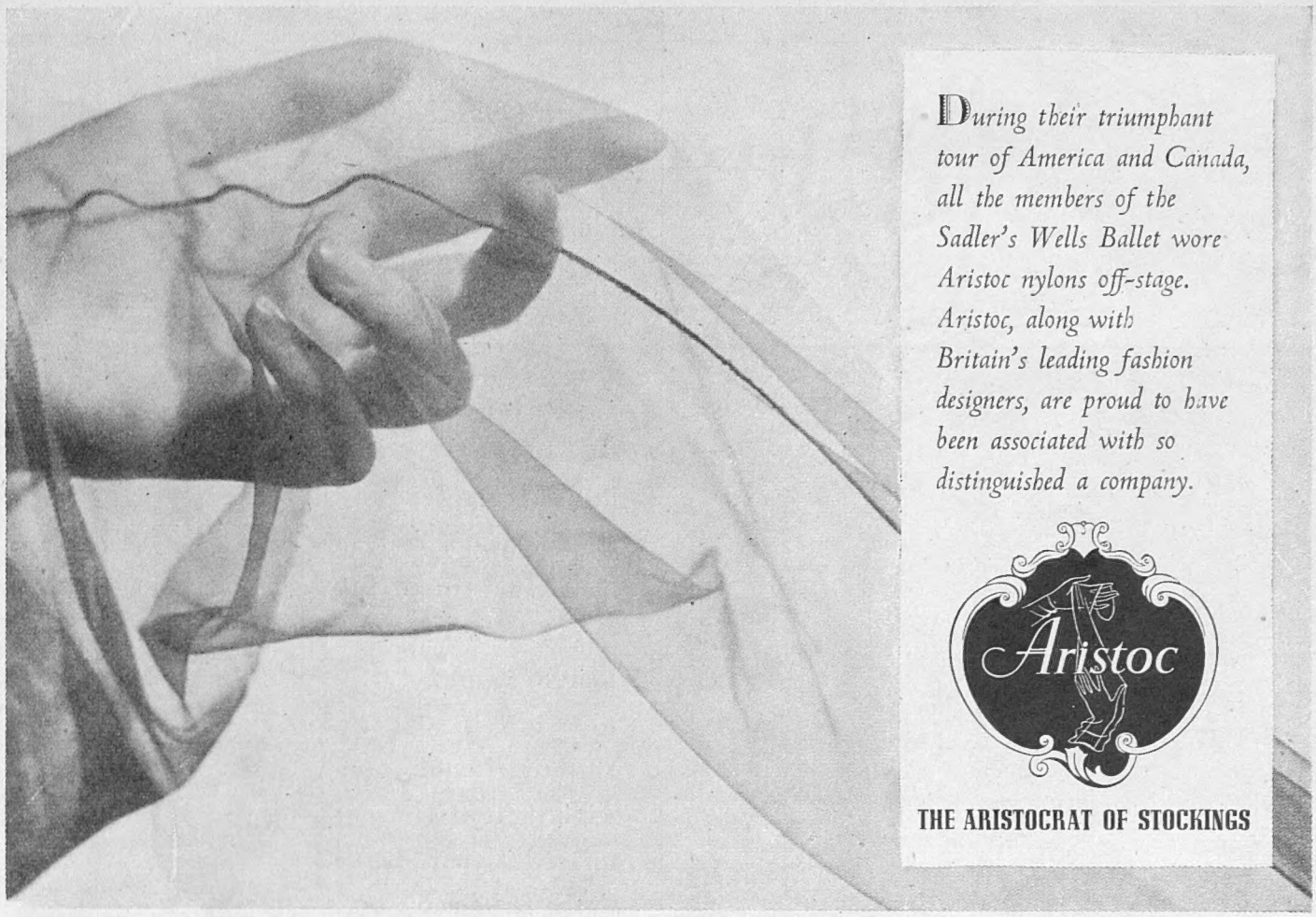

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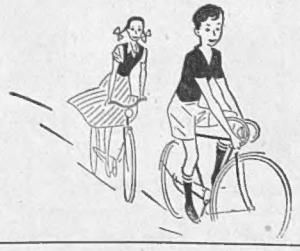

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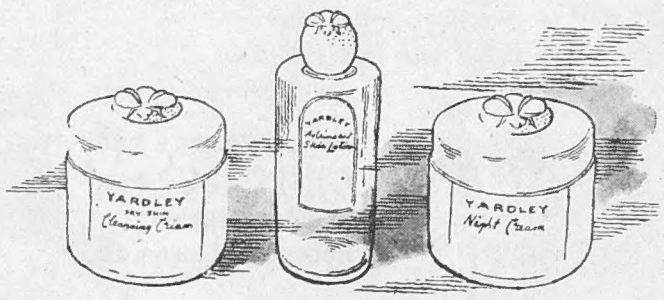

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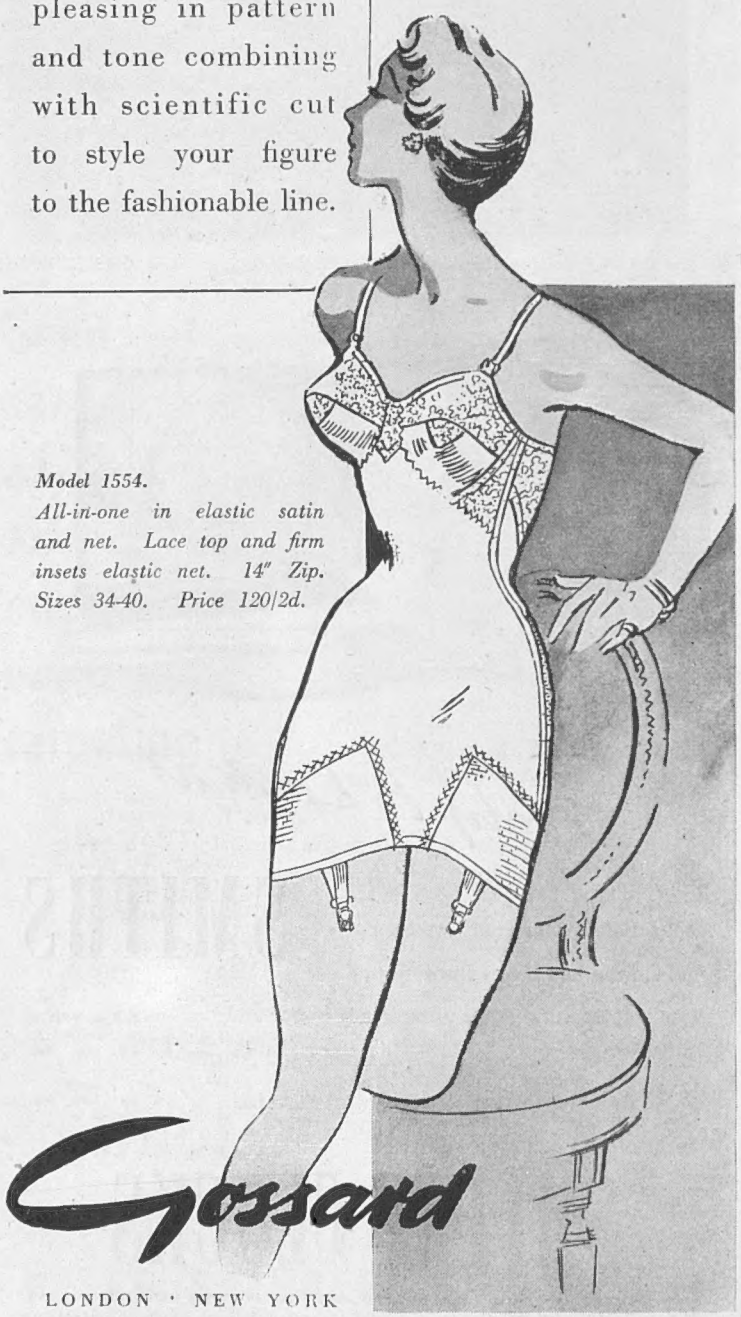

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"The two monosyllables I had in mind," Tom said, stalking to the door, "Were cheap skate."

Love and the Price War

A Short Story by Eleanor Gilchrist

Illustrations by Frank Lea

A FEW years after he got out of college Tom Chandler dashed off an intimate revue which was produced on Broadway and earned him prestige but little else. Elated by the former and undismayed by the latter, he decided that he and his classmate, Jo Banks, who composed the music, were destined to fade Hammerstein and Rogers. He resigned from the insurance business and spent some months starving in the midst of plenty at Sardi's and Twenty-one, trying to get a musical comedy produced.

Shortly before perishing of malnutrition he succeeded. The show was a smash hit; it ran a year on Broadway and sold to the movies. Tom left Jo, with whom he had temporarily fallen out, in the small hotel where they formerly occupied adjoining rooms and acquired a penthouse, a car, a grand piano, a man-servant, and some made-to-order shoes which cost four times as much as his ready-made ones and looked only slightly bigger. He took out an insurance policy for his sister's new baby and gave a lot of parties.

After a while his head stopped spinning. He and Jo patched up their disagreement—the girl had married someone else in the meantime—and they wrote another show while angels waited eagerly with wide-open cheque-books. It had ballets, revolving stages, and the highest-priced talent available. It died or, as some said, committed suicide during the Boston try-out.

"Happens to everyone, sooner or later, Tom," his agent assured him kindly. She was a large, brisk woman with a voice like a foghorn. "Don't give it another thought. The only thing is, you and Jo may have a little trouble finding backers the next time." This proved to be an understatement.

About a year later Tom was idly writing his name in the dust on his grand piano when the telephone rang. "Mr. Chandler's apartment," he said, giving a fair imitation of his departed servant in case the call had to do with a bill he had overlooked.

"What's new with you, Tom?" his agent, who was accustomed to this impersonation, bellowed.

"Hello, Beatrice. I'm thinking of taking roomers," he said morbidly. "Do you know any respectable bourgeois characters? Single girls who are gainfully employed or heiresses would get preferential treatment."

"You mustn't be discouraged, Tom. I talked to Devlin about your new show and he said he'd like to do it, but with costs what they are now——"

"Yeah," Tom said listlessly.

"Well, that's not what I'm calling about. Do you know Cissie Cartwright?"

"U-m-m. Beautiful creature," Tom said enthusiastically. "Jo brought her here to a party once and I always meant to follow it up. At that time she was starry-eyed because she had a walk-on in a comedy. Sweet little girl."

"She's changed some since then," Beatrice said dryly. "What one hit can do to these dopes in show business—well, that's neither here nor there. Cissie asked me to call you because she needs material for a night club. I hesitated to bother you with it, Tom, but since you're between shows——"

"No apologies are necessary," Tom said warmly. "Scarcely seems fair to be paid for that kind of work."

"That's not the right attitude, Tom," his agent said austerely. "As a matter

Cissie made a gracious acknowledgment to the author and the composer of her songs. Then she began to sing.

of fact, you have unwittingly hit the bull's-eye. If you don't watch yourself, you won't get paid. Among her other attractions, Cissie is funny about money."

"Probably taking care of her old mother," he said indulgently.

"Probably taking care of herself," she corrected him. "I happen to know she's getting four thousand a week at the Lowestoft Room. You might as well be reimbursed. She wants you to come to her apartment at five-thirty. Better take Jo with you. Two minds are often better than one."

"Not when one is exclusively occupied with sex. I am referring to Jo's," he explained hastily. "She brushed him off some time ago and I'm not going to re-introduce him into her life until I can keep him busy at the piano."

"I should think you and Jo might refrain from swiping each other's girls during working hours," Beatrice said testily. "I'm afraid that little harpy will get around you if you're alone. I can't go with you because she's allergic to agents. She considers their efforts to protect their clients unfair to Cartwright."

"Don't be bitter, Beatrice. I won't have any trouble with Cissie," Tom assured her confidently.

"Try to steer a middle course between being an easy mark and a tactless bully, both of which you are capable of," she briefed him, hanging up with a bang.

Women certainly don't give each other a break, Tom reflected when he arrived at Cissie's apartment. She was just as sweet and unspoiled as she had been before her sudden, sensational success. And just as decorative.

She showed him around her new apartment, which was on the ground floor of a brownstone. "It's wonderful to have a place of my own," she told him, "after living in the Rehearsal Club for years, buying clothes on Fourteenth Street and eating in cafeterias. Not that it wasn't fun . . ."

"I, too, look back on my cafeteria days with nostalgia," Tom said reminiscently, having dined at the Automat the previous evening.

A maid came in with a plate of canapes and Cissie mixed him a drink. "Imagine *me* with a maid," she said, straightening the ruffle on a sort of pinafore by Valentina. It occurred to Tom that maybe she was the least bit too simple and unspoiled. Still, it was only natural —she was just a kid, enjoying her first success.

"Do you want me to write some new material for you, Cissie?" he asked her.

"Why should you," she said practically, "when there are lots of wonderful songs from your old shows that weren't published and haven't been heard for

years. It would do you a lot of good if those songs were revived. I know of cases where a personality plugged a song that never got any attention before, and the first thing you know, it was on the hit parade."

"Which of my songs had you in mind," he asked cantankerously, "that never got any attention before?" He hated to be cynical, like Beatrice, but Cissie's remarks didn't seem to be building to a cash offer.

"Please don't misunderstand me, Tom." She turned her large blue eyes full on him. "I admire your work and I'd love to be able to do something for you."

"I'd love to have you do something for me," he said, shaken.

"There was a heavenly number in your show that folded in Boston," she continued. "June Hailey ruined it, of course." She hummed the melody.

He went to the piano and played a few bars. "That's it," she said. "Start at the beginning. I remember most of the words."

They ran through it several times until she sang it smoothly.

"You're a lot better than June Hailey," he told her.

"She has no voice at all, poor thing," Cissie said kindly. "Too bad—you could have got me at that time."

"Sorry I didn't think of you," he said diplomatically. "What other material do you need?"

"A couple of ballads and a comedy number."

"Remember this?" He turned to the piano.

An hour later they sat on the sofa to finish their drinks. "You sing my lyrics better than anyone ever has," Tom told her. "I knew you would. I saw your show four times, Cissie."

"Why didn't you come back-stage? You never even wired me opening night."

"I was recovering from my crash landing. It made me bashful. I wish you'd play the lead in my next show. You'd be exactly right for it."

"At the moment, I'm dickering with Hollywood. . . . But I'll take these four songs for the Lowestoft Room. They'll be on the air soon, and you'll notice the improvement in your next cheque from ASCAP," she added gaily.

"You're very encouraging," he said with reserve. "Now, I guess we'll have to talk about money. I promised my agent."

"Frankly, I can't bear Beatrice," she said petulantly.

"Frankly, it seems to be mutual," he replied with masculine candour. "Jo and the producer have rights in this material too, you know. I have to get a fair price for it."

"I expect to pay a fair price," Cissie said distantly. "Of course, the songs are dead, and will never be heard again unless I decide to revive them. So how about a nominal sum, like a hundred dollars?"

"A hundred a week for four songs from Broadway productions? Honestly, Cissie, you'd be picketed. By me, among others."

"I did *not* say a hundred a week," she exploded. "I'm offering a hundred outright for songs I can put over and no one else ever could. You should pay me to sing them."

"It's been nice seeing you, Cissie." Tom rose from the sofa so abruptly that the glasses on the coffee-table rocked.

"Just who do you think you are?" Cissie inquired angrily. "Carlton let me use his songs for a nominal sum. And they're all hits."

"A remarkable man with monosyllables," Tom said, bitterly. "Few writers have been paid more for four-letter words, all suitable for the Lowestoft Room. Of course, he's not above rhyming moon with gloom, but then, he's a very busy fellow. Why don't you go back to him? Or is the clearance sale over?"

"Sour grapes," Cissie said scathingly. "Do you want to know what's the matter with you? You're so busy showing off your education that practically no one can understand your songs, let alone sing them. It wouldn't hurt you to use a few monosyllables."

"I can think of two that would be appropriate now," he said grimly. "Why did you send for me, if you don't like my stuff?"

"I do like it, Tom. Please, let's not fight. I'll give you two hundred for the songs. I have to pay my accompanist, you know."

"Tough. You can have the songs for two hundred a week, and that's my final price. I'm not an Armenian lace peddler."

"You're a high-hat amateur, that's what you are," she flared at him. "I know your type—you come out of college after doing a Triangle Show, all set to educate the illiterates on Broadway. You get a show produced and everyone loses their shirts, but you think you're Cole Porter. You——"

He reached for his hat. She snatched it out of his hand. "I'm not through with you, Tom Chandler. I know what those songs are worth. I've been in this business a lot longer than you. I ushered

in theatres, I played in an all-girl band, I——"

"Your career has been very interesting," he said, retrieving his hat. "I read about it in the programme notes."

"I worked hard for everything I have, so I don't throw it around the way you do. Nobody sent me to college. I went to work when I was fifteen, so did my brothers, except the youngest, and I'm going to see that he gets a good education."

"You aren't the only one in the world with family responsibilities," he said frostily.

"Well, I'm not going to keep your family in the style to which they're accustomed." She was flushed with rage. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself! I could do you a lot of good and for some reason I want to. Will you take three hundred for that material?"

"No," Tom said, wondering how he could say no to this bewitching though rapacious creature.

"I make you a generous offer and all you do is swear at me." She was suddenly rather tearful.

Cissie nodded coldly to Beatrice and permitted Tom to seat her. "How did you think it went?" she asked indifferently.

Tom stared at her in bewilderment. "I never swore at you," he protested.

"You said you knew a couple of monosyllables to call me. Okay, you stuffed shirt. Put your material back in the deep freeze."

"The two monosyllables I had in mind," Tom said, stalking to the door, "were cheap skate."

By an effort of will he closed the door quietly behind him. He then repaired to a neighbourhood bar to forget. Whisky failed to dim his recollection of Cissie's outrageous attack on his life-work. First flattering him, and then when she couldn't get his songs for peanuts, turning on him like a vixen! She was astonishingly pretty when she got mad.

Walking home in a very straight line at four o'clock in the morning, he had a flash of alcoholic clairvoyance. That girl likes me, he said to himself. And heaven help me, it's mutual.

THE next day when he was wakened by the telephone he didn't feel as if anyone liked him. He pulled the covers over his head. It continued to ring at half-hour intervals, ruining his nightmares. Finally, with a pain-fetched groan, he lifted the receiver, propped himself against the head-board of his bed, and after everything settled down, growled "Hello."

"I've been trying to reach you for hours," his agent shouted. "I always make allowances for bachelors, so I didn't start calling 'til ten, but it's one o'clock now and at your age you should be able to pull yourself together faster than that. Did Cissie like your stuff?"

"She said she did," he replied wanly.

"That's splendid," Beatrice trumpeted, "because Alfred De Laszlo wants to do your new show. The only condition is, Cissie plays the lead."

"Hell," Tom said on a long, expiring breath.

"Someone sent him the script and he's nuts about it. It'll be a typical De Laszlo production—money no object. So it's Jim dandy you and Cissie hit it off. I'm glad I had the wit not to go with you—I'd probably have spoiled the deal."

Tom didn't say anything. He couldn't think of a suitable remark.

"Don't go back to sleep, you rake-hell," Beatrice bellowed. "Can you and Cissie be in Alfred's office at four-thirty?"

"The fact is, Beatrice," Tom said, swallowing painfully. "Cissie and I had a serious quarrel. If De Laszlo won't do the show without her, it's all off."

"Nonsense!" Beatrice roared. "You said she liked your material—if you disagreed on price, so much the better. You can give it to her for a door prize when she signs the contract."

"I wouldn't let her use a song of mine if she endowed me for life," he said sullenly.

"Now, Tom," Beatrice dropped her voice to a sort of lioness' purr she reserved for fractious clients, "if you and Cissie had a little tiff, you can make it up."

"A little tiff!" he laughed sardonically. "I can't go into it now, Beatrice. Let me take a couple of aspirins and call you back."

"You haven't time to take aspirins, my friend. What did you say to Cissie that made her so mad?"

"What did *I* say!" he cried in outraged innocence. "I never got a word in edgewise. She called me an amateur and a stuffed shirt, said my lyrics were no good, my shows were flops——"

"What did *you* say to *her*?" Beatrice repeated.

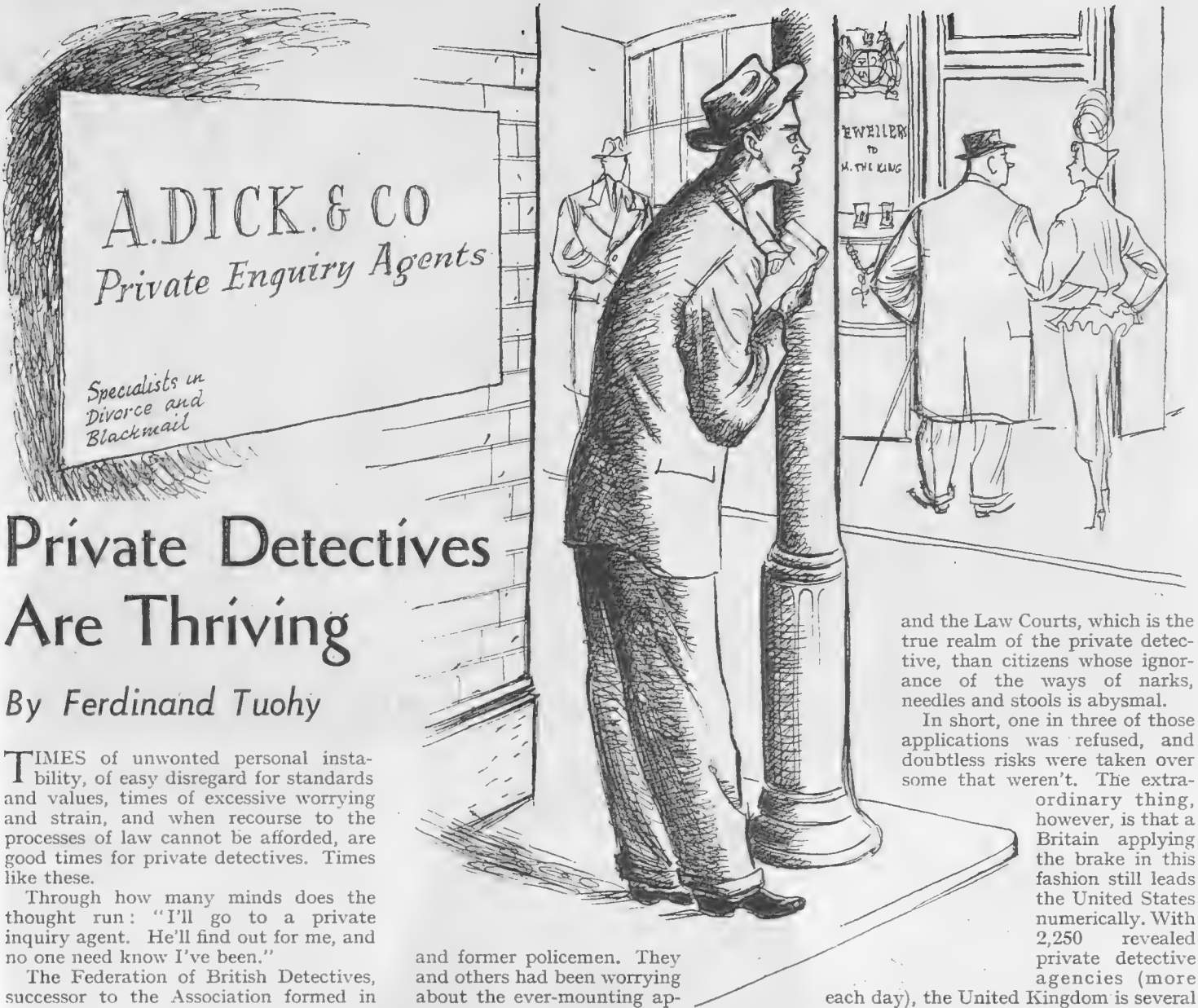
"She insulted me for an hour without intermission and I never said a word. You'd have admired my self-control. Finally, with great restraint, I called her a cheap skate."

"I should never let you out of the house alone," Beatrice yelled in exasperation. "Even if she tried to chisel you out of your back teeth, you should have had better sense. The idea of anyone who writes musicals going out of his way to insult Cissie Cartwright! You're a maniac and no gentleman."

"I had plenty of provocation," Tom said indignantly.

"You get yourself a florist, young fellow, and send her a bushel of orchids. And any material she took a fancy to, tied up in ribbons and marked prepaid."

"I tell you, it's hopeless. She hates the ground I walk on, and I'm damned if I'll apologise after the things she said to me." (*Continued on page 74*)



Private Detectives Are Thriving

By Ferdinand Tuohy

TIMES of unwonted personal instability, of easy disregard for standards and values, times of excessive worrying and strain, and when recourse to the processes of law cannot be afforded, are good times for private detectives. Times like these.

Through how many minds does the thought run: "I'll go to a private inquiry agent. He'll find out for me, and no one need know I've been."

The Federation of British Detectives, successor to the Association formed in 1931, ought to be mighty pleased by the public's demand for the peculiar services rendered by its members, as pleased in a corporate manner as the latest tyro to put up a brass plate.

Few, if any members of society earn a freer livelihood. A private "dick"—and most are on their own—may charge what he can get, and none to supervise, check or control what he does or how he does it. He can just put up a plate or signboard and start away.

Ah, but there's the rub! *It's altogether too easy,* complain established inquiry agents who want their status legalized as the first and most necessary step to prevent their ranks being over-run by adventurers, crooks, and even ex-convicts and to stop their calling being brought into further disrepute. For the Federation latterly had a shock.

Quite a number of its active members are ex-C.I.D. men, retired police sergeants and former policemen. They and others had been worrying about the ever-mounting applications for membership, so last summer decided to look into the personal histories of the latest collection of applicants—220 in all. We who (foolishly) live in this age of snoop and super-snoop little knew that the most intriguing snoop of all was going on unnoticed under our noses. Private "dicks" were watching private "dicks" day after day, week after week.

For many months "dick" shadowed "dick" in London Town and the main provincial centres . . . and the things that got into some of those dossiers! Perhaps the most upsetting discovery had to do with the strong appeal that private inquiry work seemed to have for jailbirds, some of whom set up in business directly they "came out."

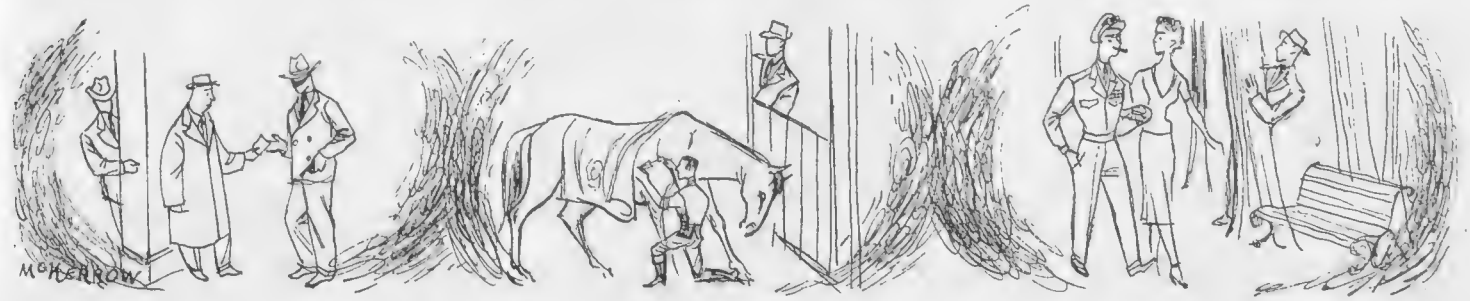
Not that this is really as surprising as it sounds, since some ex-convicts are manifestly better equipped to forage in that no man's land 'twixt Scotland Yard and the Law Courts, which is the true realm of the private detective, than citizens whose ignorance of the ways of narks, needles and stools is abysmal.

In short, one in three of those applications was refused, and doubtless risks were taken over some that weren't. The extraordinary thing, however, is that a Britain applying the brake in this fashion still leads the United States numerically. With 2,250 revealed private detective agencies (more each day), the United Kingdom is several hundreds ahead of the aggregate covering the whole vast United States, land of Pinkerton, Powell and Loy, and the gum-chewing "house dick" of the hotel lounges.

If further evidence were needed of the fat times our private "dicks" are having, their ranks have swollen from 600 before the war.

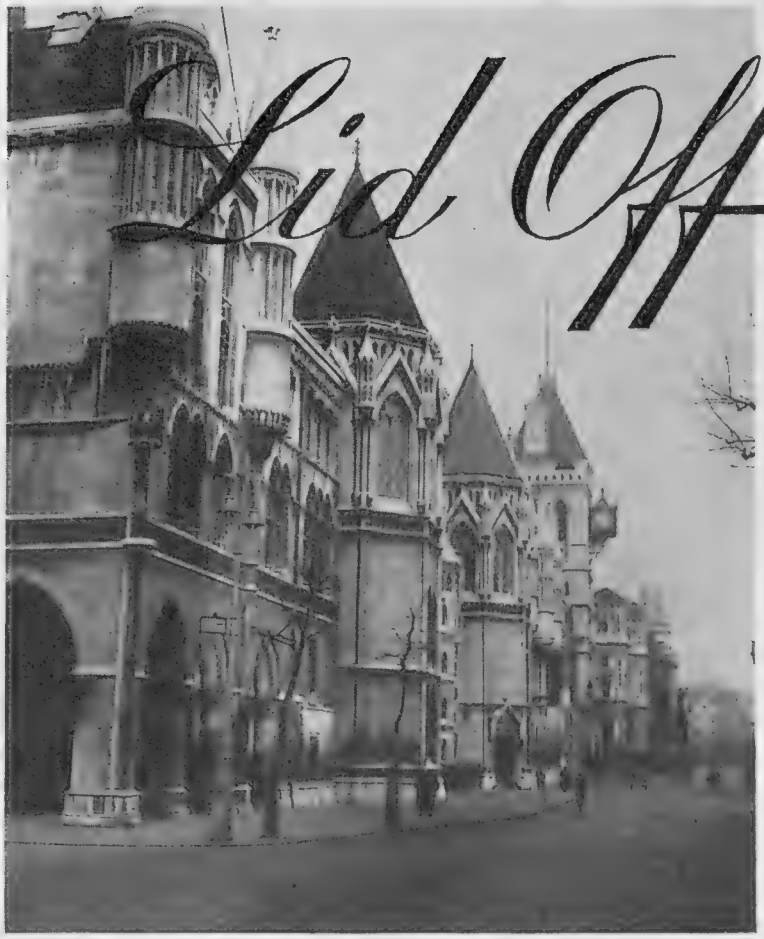
In looking round to account for the fourfold increase, the temptation is to run to the conclusion that the increase of crime must outweigh all other factors. (No matter what those professional dopers, the State statisticians, may juggle or contrive, overflowing prisons with or without bars and delinquency colleges—some costing more than Eton; soon candidates for them may have to be entered at birth—proclaim the untreated fact).

The first thing I had to get into my head in preparing (*Continued on page 70*)



Lid Off

Viscount Jowitt, the Lord High Chancellor, heads the British judiciary and is one of the highest dignitaries of the State. This is a political appointment which ends with a change of government



The Law Courts. Since Queen Victoria opened these Courts in 1882, some 900,000 trials have taken place there

The highest executive judiciary is the Lord Chief Justice and Lord Goddard has held this position since 1946

A FAMOUS judge once said that the Law was like a whimsical lady. It is an advantage to have knowledge of her character, but her embraces are to be avoided. They are apt to be both ill-timed and expensive. . . .

Despite these words of wisdom, the British public shows considerable enthusiasm for the expensive pursuit of litigation, to the extent of between 12,000 and 15,000 lawsuits every year —not counting the number of divorce petitions which has reached the 50,000 mark. Since Queen Victoria opened the conglomeration of turrets, dark corridors, poky little offices and twenty-three courts which make up the pseudo-Gothic building at the end of London's Strand in 1882, some 900,000 trials have taken place there.

And while we are statistically bent—the Law Courts buildings cost two and a half million pounds, and absorb a large proportion of Britain's twenty-five million pounds annual bill for the administration of justice and a four million pounds salaries docket for England's High Court judges.

HIGH up over the main doorway of the Law Courts the intending plaintiff can see three figures : on the left, Solomon; in the centre, Jesus Christ; on the right, Alfred. But litigation has become a lot more complex and expensive than in the days of these great Law Givers. The high cost of justice in Britain is notorious. Year after year judges, barristers, politicians and social workers have commented on it. "The great cost of litigation amounts often to a denial of justice," is typical of these comments. The most straightforward undefended divorce case may cost at least £100, a fairly simple action for damages, £500. A libel case may cost many thousands of pounds. In the famous political libel action of the late Professor Laski the cost amounted to £15,000.

But such are human foibles that neither expense nor the fact that there is considerable delay before a case is heard, stem off the flow of litigations. For once, we know that inside the gigantic monument of legal intricacy, we shall find a patient hearing and a fair and just judgment by incorruptible judges.

A SURVEY of our judicial system should begin with the police courts, the fount of the poor man's justice, administered by full-time salaried stipendiary magistrates or by unpaid laymen and women, the Justices of the Peace. The Courts of Quarter Sessions "holden for every county in England and Wales," hear appeals against the magistrates' sentences, and in certain cities Recorders have a similar jurisdiction. These courts, and in cases of more serious offences the judges of the High Court sitting at Assizes, and for the trial of cases in and around London at the Central Criminal Court, the "Old Bailey," represent—with the Court of Criminal Appeal—the jurisdiction in criminal cases.

The administration of common and civil law is more complex. The fifty-nine County Courts try actions where the sum in dispute does not exceed a certain amount. Then there are the various divisions of the High Court, the Chancery Division, the King's Bench, the Probate, Divorce and Admiralty Division, the Bankruptcy Court. But let us glance at the judicial structure from the top.

The Lord High Chancellor heads the British judiciary. He is a member of the Cabinet, and as such holds a political appointment which ends with a change of government. He presides over the House

The Courts

The Working Of British Justice And Some Of Its Great Figures

By Peter Leighton

of Lords from the Woolsack, and is one of the highest dignitaries of the State, second only to the Archbishop of Canterbury in the precedence of the Royal Court. His salary is £10,000 a year, and he is entitled to a pension of £5,000, whatever the length of his office might have been. This high office is held since 1945 by Viscount Jowitt, who as Sir William Jowitt gained renown as a barrister, a Liberal and later a Labour M.P.

He presides at times over the "Law Lords" when they sit as the Supreme Court of Judicature. Their official title is "Lords of Appeal in Ordinary." They are eminent judges elevated to the House of Lords from the High Court or the Court of Appeal. Although they are peers for life only, they are more fortunate than their hereditary colleagues in the Upper House. They receive a salary of £6,000 a year. Among them are—and were in the past—Britain's greatest legal luminaries and keenest brains. Men like Lord Uthwatt, who was responsible for the great report on land reform; Lord Du Parcq, who at sixty-three became one of the youngest Law Lords, a tall, striking figure with strong, clear cut features, deep blue eyes and an expressive mouth—attributes which once provoked a famous K.C. to remark in court that "his lordship was a great loss to the stage and screen. . . ."; Lord Porter, who might have been the image of a judge as portrayed in fiction, with his thin, ascetic face, the parchment skin, tight lips and impersonal manner. A bachelor, who once said that he lived alone in a small London flat and had "no sense of luxury." But perhaps the best known of the Law Lords is Lord Oaksey, who under his hereditary title of Lord Lawrence presided at the Nuremberg war crimes trial and pronounced judgment on Rudolf Hess, von Ribbentrop, Keitel, Streicher and the other Nazi chiefs.

Lord Oaksey's family is replete with legal traditions. His father was Lord Chief Justice Trevethan. When young Lawrence was called to the Bar in 1906, he became a "devil" in the chambers of Sir Robert Finlay, then perhaps the most famous British advocate. After the first World War, in which he won the D.S.O., he went to work with Sir John Simon (who later became the Lord Chancellor). For a time he was the legal adviser to the Duke of Windsor, when the latter was Prince of Wales. "He is bristling with common sense . . .", a famous barrister once said of him, and indeed Lord Oaksey possesses an uncanny ability of penetrating examination and crystal clear pronouncements in court. But it is probable, as his plump and comforting appearance would suggest it, that it is as Farmer Lawrence that he finds his greatest satisfaction. He breeds Guernsey cattle, and is regarded as a world authority on pedigree stock.

DRY, pompous, devoid of human feelings, bloodless automats? Sometimes these unkind characteristics are attributed to our judges. But they are not only unkind, but also untrue—in most cases. Britain's judges are men of flesh and blood, men who shoulder family cares, drink and smoke, relax in a theatre or in a garden, interest themselves in the events of the day, in sport or hobbies. The hoary joke about the judge who asked "What is an actress?" simply does not make sense.

The Hon. Mr. Justice Humphreys is one of the "Red Judges." He is eighty-two years old and perhaps the greatest of all criminal judges we have ever had

Lord Justice Scott has for many years been a Lord Justice of Appeal. For nearly twenty years was Conservative M.P. for the Liverpool Exchange Division

Lord Justice Cohen who was made a Lord Justice of Appeal in 1946, and was the Chairman of the Royal Commission on Awards to Inventors

Let's look at the highest executive judiciary—Lord Chief Justice Goddard. When he recently advocated the re-introduction of flogging for crimes of robbery with violence, some attacked him as "one of those inhuman judges." Although one may disagree with his opinion on this special issue, there is hardly a more "human"—and humane—judge on the Bench to-day than Goddard.

Few of the hurrying crowds in the Strand in the evenings take any notice of the blue lounge-suited, bowler-hatted and pipe-smoking stocky man, who walks briskly in the direction of Westminster, en route for his Chelsea home. Born seventy years ago as the son of a solicitor, Goddard has had a distinguished legal career before reaching the top of the ladder: barrister, K.C., Recorder of Bath and Plymouth, a judge in 1932, a Lord of Appeal in 1938, he was made Lord Chief Justice in 1946. Lord Goddard smilingly dismissed my comment on his legal reputation: "Oh yes, they say I am a good judge . . . of port!"

"Actually I am an unexciting sort of man," he added, "and when you ask me for the highlights of my career, well, there aren't any. It has been hard work all the way." This remark is typical of his self-effacing character. During court vacations, he visits Rose Cottage in the middle of Farnham Common, where live his daughter and his K.C. son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Eric Sachs. There he spoils his grandchildren, agreeing to any suggestion they make, except a visit to a cinema. Films bore him. Lord Goddard told me that he has no hobbies—"unless loafing comes within that category." "Hobbies?" he echoed my question, "really, I haven't any, or perhaps just one . . . loafing . . . doing exactly nothing . . . when I can." Although he says he takes no interest in politics, he is well known at London's most exclusive "political" club, at Pratt's, where the great figures of Westminster, including Winston Churchill, foregather. There was a time, too, when the Lord Chief Justice—then Sir Rayner Goddard—had political ambitions. He stood as an Independent in the 1929 election in the Conservative stronghold of Kensington. He did not unseat his Conservative opponent, but succeeded in splitting the Tory vote from top to bottom.

The Lord Chief Justice has a dual rôle. Whilst he presides over the King's Bench Division, he is also a member of the Court of Appeal.

At the Court of Appeal the Master of the Rolls ranks first. This court considers appeals against pronouncements in civil law cases, and must not be confused with the Court of

(*Continued on page* 58)

I Rebuilt A Cottage

By E. M. FitzPatrick

The cottage as it looked when the rebuilding was nearly finished

WHEN I borrowed £500 to buy an almost derelict pair of cottages just after the war, the most I hoped for was to have a roof over my head. That before long I should be talking glibly about "square yards super" and other technical terms, and that I should restore the place into what the agents called "an enchanting period cottage expertly restored throughout with modern conveniences," was unthinkable. Yet this is exactly what it did become, at a cost of about £200, and not long ago it was sold for nearly £3,000.

It all began because the last inhabitants had left behind them a rusty pickaxe, and I began to hew up the rat-chewed boards, disclosing rotten wood, fish-heads, bones, curling tongs and all manner of filth which had to be wheeled out and burnt. I wish I had taken a photograph of the room as it was at first—the range balanced on broken stones in a hearth surrounded by chocolate covered wood, and a particularly vicious poison green paper with orange triangles. The floor under the boards smelt of old ponds and looked like a contour map; here and there the walls and timbers reached the ground, but mostly they hung like stalactites, kept up, it seemed, like the Indian rope trick.

Boldly I swung the axe at the wall between the rooms, and a shower of mud and dust descended, leaving one beam as you see in the picture. I was too scared to know what to do next, so I sought the advice of a firm at Guildford who had once before guided me in the building of a cowshed. They came to the rescue with a load of tiles, cement and advice; then I co-opted a friend from London to stay for a few weeks—which lengthened into months—and together we levelled the floor, carting barrow-loads of rubble from the common and ramming it hard. Coal, gravel, stones—all went in, and hard work it was in the grilling summer heat.

What the big room looked like soon after we started work

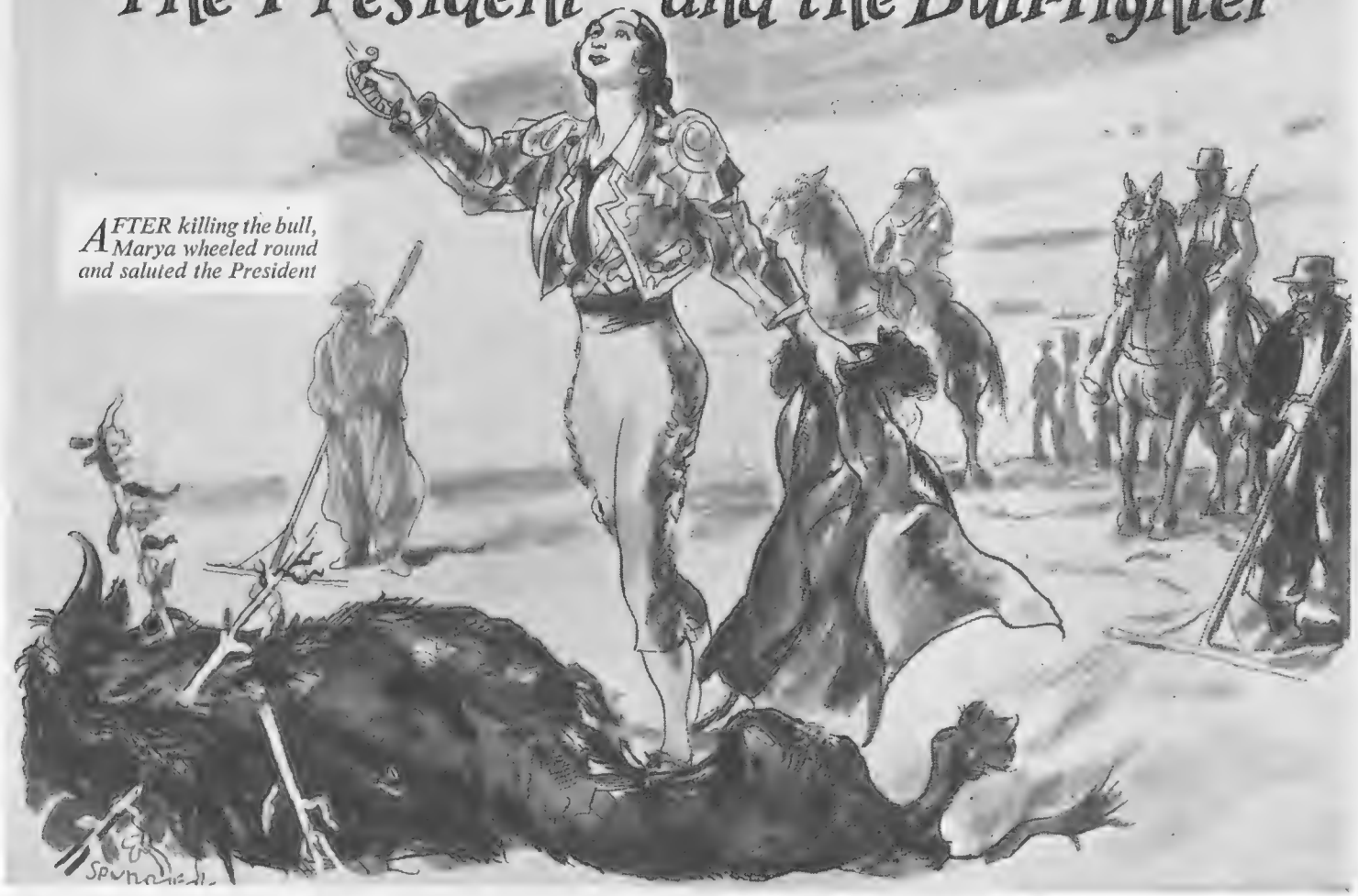
The tiles laid in the big room. This job took two days

Neighbours took a keen interest in our efforts and were unfailing with information, showing us how to peg out the floor to get the concrete level. Of all the back breaking labours, and throat-parching, too, mixing concrete by hand on a summers day takes a lot of beating. First we restored the walls, taking out whole sections—at least we gave them a push and they fell out—then we rebuilt them with the old bricks except for one section where we left a space for a window. How this was to be obtained or made we did not consider at the time; our only tools were a screwdriver, a chisel and two borrowed shovels. Later we acquired "the red devil," a sort of crowbar with a cold chisel at the other end. There was no job that this 4s. 6d. tool did not do and have to do, and it is still intact.

While the floor and walls were drying we took an old oak floor joist (the only sound one) and morticed it right across the space where the dividing wall had been, making an (*Continued on page 78*)

What the big room looked like after the job was completed. Showing door hung where party wall was taken down, open hearth restored, staircase, walls and beams and the tiled floor. The other end of the room with recessed shelves and cupboards in wall between room and old wash-house

The President and the Bull-Fighter



AFTER killing the bull, Marya wheeled round and saluted the President

Marya Montella, The Bull-Fighter, Swore An Oath That One Day She Would Discover The Source Of Her Courage And Spirit

By Nigel Sligh

THE white sand of the bull-ring was dazzling except in certain places where blood had stained in. The sun beat down upon the great arena, upon the crowded tiers of people and upon the principal actors. It was the first time that most of the spectators had seen Marya Montella fight—she who had become a bull-fighter when a girl of seventeen. Already that afternoon she had killed four bulls and now, poised on her toes, she was sighting her sword preparatory to slaying the last.

There was a hush over the whole arena, every eye riveted on the slight, graceful figure facing the dying bull. *Pics* stood in the huge ridge of muscle behind the lowered head and the bull's flanks were dark with sweat and blood.

Marya had manoeuvred the bull so that the best view of the killing would be visible from the Presidential box. The flag of Plagonia was draped over the box.

Beneath a small awning sat six men. The man in the centre, his great hunched shoulders and thick black beard so reminiscent of the bull in the arena, was the President, Garcia MacClermont Gomez. The President had an Irish grandmother who had come from County Derry and her blood, mixed with that of peons and Indians, flowed in his veins. His cheeks, above the beard, were red and swarthy, almost matching the red sash of office which he wore over a white uniform.

Gomez was excessively proud of his Irish ancestry and his Minister for War, his Chief of Staff and the great bruiser of a man who acted as his personal bodyguard were all Irishmen who had come to Plagonia under duress. Leary, the Chief of Staff, had shot and killed a policeman in Dublin and was on the run.

Gomez strained his eyes on the lovely figure of the bull-fighter, so feminine, yet dressed in the traditional fighting clothes, a dry, heavy feeling of intense excitement making his breathing difficult. He was sweating profusely and he kept moistening his lips and once or twice he brushed the black curling hairs away from his lips.

"Begorrah," he muttered to his Chief of Staff. He was delighted with his accomplishment of speaking a few words of Irish.

Leary glanced at the President. He knew perfectly well what was in the man's mind. Gomez had an insatiable hunger for women and generally it was Leary who effected the contacts.

The thin, shining sword plunged into the bull and the beast toppled forward on to his knees and then, with a crash, lurched on to his side and Marya Montella wheeled round and saluted the President.

Gomez nudged Leary. "Throw it down," he said in Spanish.

Leary stood up and flung a small purse into the arena. For an instant the girl stood motionless, examining the object. Then, with a graceful movement, she picked it up on the point of the blood-stained sword.

The gesture pleased Gomez. She was a woman of spirit, he decided.

WHEN she got to her dressing-room Marya opened the purse. It contained a sum of money sufficient to keep even her in luxury for a year, and a key. She said to her dresser, a stout perspiring woman with a cast in one eye and a fine moustache, "The third bull was the best."

"My beauty, they were all fine animals but before you they had the grace of old cows."

Marya put on a white dress with a broad belt. The skirt flared out above her legs, the belt accentuating the smallness of her waist. Against the dress her skin was a rich gold. She sat still while the old woman combed and set her hair.

"There. You are beautiful, Marya."

Marya examined her face in the mirror which the dresser held for her. She wiped a minute smear of lipstick from the corner of her mouth and curled her long eye-lashes upward.

Her car was waiting at the bull-fighters' entrance. Her chauffeur wore a uniform even more glamorous than the President's.

"The Palace," Marya said.

The car turned into the courtyard of the Palace and drew up

at a guard post. Marya handed the key to her chauffeur who gave it to an officer. The officer glanced at it.

"The fourth door from the left," he said, pointing.

Marya waited until the chauffeur had presented the key to a guard posted outside the door. The guard came forward and saluted her.

"If you will come this way, Senora."

Marya went up a long flight of marble steps, strangely cool and shadowy after the afternoon glare. Her footsteps echoed along an immense corridor. Vaulted ceilings threw back the echoes. The guard marched rigidly at her side, never speaking.

They turned a corridor, crossed an open hall and ascended a further flight of steps. The whole bull-ring could have been fitted into one wing of the Palace, Marya reflected.

At length, before a pair of imposing doors, the guard halted. Discreetly he knocked. An attendant opened the doors and beyond him Marya saw a small man with fiery red hair seated at a huge desk.

The guard stood aside, motioning her to enter. She walked in superbly, the skirt of her dress swinging. As she crossed the sand of the arena, head high, measured tread, so she covered the heavy carpets of the great room. A yard from the desk she waited.

"Begorrah," said the man behind the desk.

"I beg your pardon."

"Faith and I speak Spanish like an old crow with a cold in its head," the man said. Then he added, "The President was wishing that I should speak to you."

His Spanish was atrocious and Marya shuddered.

"Will you sit down, Senora?"

Marya sat, crossing her legs. She knew that Leary was examining them. He rang a bell and the attendant brought in a bottle of champagne in a silver bucket, cakes and a gold box of cigarettes.

"The Senora speaks English?" Leary asked.

Marya shook her head.

"A toast to your beauty . . . and your courage," Leary said, raising his glass.

He wondered if Marya had been suitably impressed. The guard had standing orders to bring all visitors in by the same route which was in fact a complete circle of the building. The gold box was on loan from the Treasury against the President's personal signature. The champagne had been confiscated at the Customs.

Marya sat perfectly still, at her ease. Leary rubbed his hand through his shock of red hair. He was puzzled. He never remembered a girl so poised, so sure of herself. By God, he thought, he had interviewed dozens. More, far more than the men he had seen killed in battle.

Leary gave himself another glass of champagne. "His Excellency the President was elated by your performance, Senora," he said slowly.

He knew that he must search and find the right words. Marya gave a little bow of the head.

"As you know, the President is keenly interested in everything that pertains to the glory and honour of Plagonia. You, Senora, are a star of immense magnitude and it seemed only fitting that you should be accorded the privilege of an interview with the Head of State."

Again Marya nodded to show that she understood his doggerel Spanish.

"It is necessary, unfortunately, for me to act as a watch-dog. There are disturbances. There are enemies of the State who might wish to do an injury even to its greatest son. Clearly, Senora, I can see that you are a patriot. That is the purpose of my humble presence."

"I come from the small village of Grada, in the province of Casez," Marya began when Leary cut her short with a great oath.

"Grada! It is the birthplace of his Excellency!"

For the first time since she had entered the Chief of Staff's room Marya displayed interest. Leary was unaware of the slight narrowing of her eyes but had the old dresser been there she would have known the look—as the bull-fighter narrowed her eyes before she killed.

"It was there that he grew to manhood," Leary added.

"I would esteem it the greatest privilege in the world if I might be granted the honour of an interview," Marya said.

"I must ask you three questions, Senora," Leary remarked. "Are you a political opponent of the President?"

"His policy is my policy," Marya answered.

"Have you ever at any time been a member or a friend of a member of the following parties: The Blue Moon, The Underground Movement of Friends, The Engine Drivers' Union, The Esteemed?" Leary paused and opened a drawer in his desk. "One moment, Senora." He turned over a folder. "I will read over to you the other proscribed parties."

He did so and at the end of the recitation repeated the formal question. Marya shook her head.

"Good," Leary remarked. "And finally," he added, "have you concealed upon your person a lethal weapon?"

"No."

"It is of course necessary in certain cases to make a personal search," Leary said. "Except on the direct orders of the President no one can enter the Palace with as much as a hair-pin." He looked her up and down—at the white dress, the broad belt, the comb in her hair. "It would give me the greatest pleasure in the world." He shrugged his shoulders. "Unfortunately I can see it is not necessary."

He rose and pressed a button and a whole section of wall slid away and Marya saw a lofty room panelled in red velvet. In the centre, sprawling in a high-backed chair which reminded her of a throne, the President in his white uniform. The tight, high-necked tunic was creased upon the folds of his chest, his jowl

MARYA put on a white dress with a broad belt. Against the dress her skin was a rich gold. She sat still while the old woman combed and set her hair

Illustrations by Steven Spurrier, A.R.A.

lapping the collar. The lights from a huge glass chandelier glinted on polished top-boots.

"The Senora's credentials are of the most impeccable," Leary said.

Marya walked into the President's room and behind her the wall slid once more into position. She curtseyed before Gomez.

He rose and held out his hand. He was a huge man, bigger even than she had imagined and at once she thought of him as a bull. He made polite, agreeable remarks, complimenting her on her performance and praising her surpassing beauty.

"Is it true, as your General assured me, Excellency, that I have the unbelievable honour of sharing the birthplace of the saviour of my country, Grada?"

"It is true," the President said, smiling, so that his lips opened a hole in the great mat of black beard.

"Is it true also, Excellency, that one of your illustrious ancestors was Irish as was one of mine?"

"It is true."

"And that Grada had the great and enduring honour of being the humble place in which your Excellency found his manhood?"

"That again is true."

"Even to this day," Marya said quietly, so modestly, "the women of that place speak the praises of your Excellency."

Once more Gomez smiled prodigiously. "We have much in common," he said and his voice seemed to grate in its lower ranges.

Food and drink were brought into the great chamber and Marya Montella, the bull-fighter, dined alone with the President. Gomez drank and ate with ravenous abandon. Sweat stood out on his brow and he ran his fingers inside the high, tight collar which was throttling his fat red neck. He laughed and chuckled at his own jokes.

"The women of that place were beautiful," the President said. "Even as you are beautiful. But they lacked the sublime fire, the courage. Only through a man such as myself could that be transmuted."

For an hour the President drank and boasted. Then, attempting to rise from the sofa, his hands sank down upon it and he would have fallen had not Marya caught and held him up. She saw a look of humiliation pass across his face.

"Put me down, my beauty," he said, gently.

He slumped heavily upon a couch and tears of mortification welled in his eyes. "Wine and liquor leave my brain untouched," he said at length, slowly, with reluctance. "My intellect unclouded, even my passion, but it paralyses my limbs so that I am helpless and cannot walk."

Marya stood up and gave Gomez a little bow. "I have stayed too long and tired your Excellency. If you will forgive me?"

Surreptiously, she glanced at his legs, in the polished boots sprawling at so awkward an angle from the sofa. To her, they were like the legs of a marionette whose controlling wires were slack. She saw him try to move and the sweat beaded his face and one leg moved in a weak, spasmodic gesture but so faint was the movement that the light glinting on the polished leather made an unwavering focal point.

Gomez stared up at her. "To-morrow?" he asked, and again his voice grated.

"To-morrow," Marya answered.

(*Continued on page* 61)

FOOD and drink were brought into the great chamber and Marya Montella, the bull-fighter, dined alone with the President

Overcoming The Criminal

By M. Lovett-Turner

LONDON without its policemen! Could anything be more improbable or fantastic in these days, when we hear of so much violence? And yet Scotland Yard and the Metropolitan Police Force is little more than a century old, and the famous Bow Street Runners never numbered more than twenty. Kensington, a district of fifteen square miles, was allotted three of these "Scarlet Runners" (so called from the colour of their waistcoats) to keep law and order—and that in the days when one in every twenty of the inhabitants of London was a criminal. It was due to the practical imagination of Henry Fielding, the author of *Tom Jones*, and a magistrate of Bow, that these early policemen came into being and were maintained on a sound financial basis. He was given £300 a year to pay their wages and to defray expenses, not a large sum when compared to the several millions spent nowadays in London alone on the various ramifications of Scotland Yard.

Previous to this there had been little effort made to control the criminals in our towns and cities. True, there was the night watchman but he was, by the very duties he was to perform, rendered less than useless. He had to patrol certain districts and, to the accompaniment of a loud, clanging bell, hourly call the time and state of the weather. Little wonder the light sleeper cursed and the miscreants hid themselves until he had taken himself to districts fresh, his stentorian tones clearly telling them in which direction he had gone.

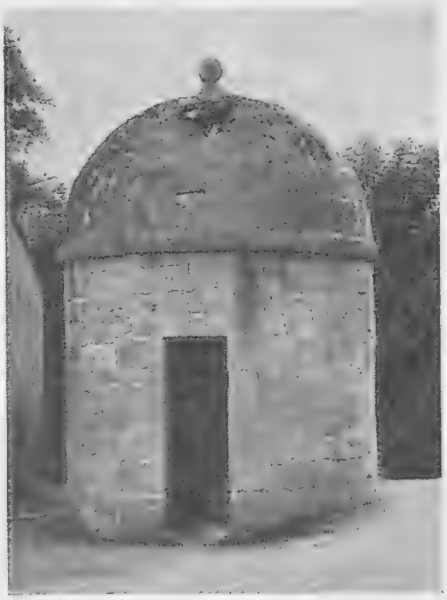
As a reminder of these attempts to keep law and order in the towns, the little watchman's box—looking for all the world like an enlarged pillar box—in Norfolk Crescent, Bath and one in Brunswick Street, Bristol, remain. Fortunately the one in Bath is safe, for the town council has acquired it in order to preserve it, but the one in Bristol fell a victim to the blitz.

In spite of these drawbacks, prisons never lacked inhabitants. Even the small cells, or Round Houses as they are tactfully called, up and down the country, generally had one or two prisoners cooling their heads and passions between the dampness of the stone walls—which speaks well for the zeal of the local constable, or parish beadle. These important personages were appointed by the jury at the Court Leet, or where no such court existed, by two justices. Constables were allowed to appoint deputies to act for them; as honesty or a good character were not necessary to this office both the constable and his deputy often made a good thing out of (*Continued on page* 62)

Probably the most picturesque of wayside prisons is the chapel on the bridge of Bradford-on-Avon, Wiltshire. Originally a chapel for travellers to pray for the soul of the builder, it has been in turn the lock-up, a tool shed and an ammunition store

(*On left*) A fourteenth-century lock-up at Hexham, Northumberland. Probably the oldest prison in the country. Its rectangular shape is in surprising contrast to the tiny circular lock-ups found in villages

The old village lock-up at Wheatley, Oxon. Was last used for this purpose in 1840



This lock-up at Shrewton, Wilts, is typical of the "Round Houses" erected in the Georgian era

A wayside prison at Pensford, Somerset. Monmouth's defeated army passed here in 1685 after Sedgemoor

Forbes had the reputation of making indifferent vessels accomplish remarkable voyages and he told Baines that with the *Marco Polo* he would make seafaring history

James Baines and "Bully" Forbes

The Story Of Two Men Who Helped To Make History Of The Seven Seas

Written by Warren Armstrong.
Illustrated by Jack Matthew.

ON that brilliant May day in 1850, Australia heard the first news that alluvial gold had been "rocked" from her broad acres. Two months slipped past before the news reached England, and there it was regarded with high suspicion by the theoretical geologists, still trying to reconcile themselves to the fact that gold-fever had gripped distant California. They said—indeed, they protested—that gold in Australia just did not exist; if it did, then all their calculations, their theories, were entirely wrong. And geologists hate being wrong.

But when still more alluvial gold was rocked-out down under, Government licences were issued to stake-claimers, and those diggers went to work in earnest. The fever swept clear across the land; farmers left their ploughs, growers their rich vines. Then came the townsmen, a trickle at first, but quickly swelled by doctors, lawyers, businessmen, Customs officials, and finally most of the non-descript police force. They converged to gang-up as a hard-living, hard-fighting team, pledged to stop at nothing, prepared, if needs be, to tear the vitals out of every square inch of land to lay hands on the precious metal . . .

INTO the Liverpool River on August 31, 1852, swept the Eagle Line *Albatross*, her sails furled, with £50,000-worth of gold in her captain's room—*and* with unbelievable stories of the fabulous treasure just waiting "to be picked up out there!" And on Merseyside, where shipowners had long since given up hope of any healthy trade, or healthier competition, immense activity took the place of stagnation, and every new day assumed a tremendous significance. Within the next two years, 100,000 English, 60,000 Irish, 50,000 Scots, 4,000 Welsh, 8,000 Germans, 1,500 French, 3,000 Americans and 25,000 Chinese emigrants, dreaming of becoming millionaires overnight, the majority with their wives and children, were to converge on this new Eldorado; and of the total number nearly four-fifths sailed from the Mersey. Liverpool shipowners found themselves unable to provide sufficient tonnage to carry the increasing rush of adventurers, and American shipyards were combed for anything that could bear sail with reasonable safety. Then came James Baines . . .

Born on October 26, 1823, over the home-made-cake shop which his mother kept at 85, Duke Street, eager to face

Forbes stood with a pistol in each hand in order to prevent his frightened crew from letting go the royal halliards

life, generous to a fault, small in stature yet with tremendous vitality, when he ventured into the world of ships and seamen Baines lacked that one essential all businessmen of his day boasted about: he was neither hard-headed nor self-seeking. He was just an ordinary little man with a very large heart. And in 1851, walking the cobbled dock road, ruminating, perhaps, on the news concerning the gold rush, he spotted the stumpy masts of a ship lying in the Queen's Dock.

At her masthead was tied a broom, indicating that she was for sale to the highest bidder; and Liverpool's shipping men, hungry for additional tonnage, had looked her over, shaken their heads with scorn, dubbed her a "pork-barrel, and a poor one at that," and passed her by. To young Baines, she was a ship, one of the finest things men could build—and he meant to possess her. He had seen quite a few emigrants embarking from the Princes Landing Stage, and all his sympathy had gone out to them. He knew that for five long, unspeakable months perhaps, they would exist in ill-ventilated rat-holes, in vessels little or no better than the convict ships of the late 1700's. He wanted to help put an end to all this unnecessary suffering . . . and with every spare penny he and his mother could muster, he bought that "pork-barrel," sent her out on three voyages, made a reasonable profit from the venture, and thus founded what was to emerge as the world-famous Black Ball Line. A line of speed-clippers which, in 1860, flew its house-flag in eighty-six vessels and had in its employ 300 officers, 3,000 seamen.

Baines had been a shipowner for exactly twelve months when special mention was made in *The Illustrated London News* of a Canadian-built ship then on its maiden voyage from Mobile with a cargo of cotton, bound for Liverpool. It was noted: "The distinguishing feature of this ship, the *Marco Polo*, is the peculiarity of her hull. Her lines fore and aft are beautifully fine . . . below the draught line her bows are hollow, but above she swells out handsomely, which gives ample space on the topgallant fo'c'sle; in fact, with a bottom like a yacht, she has above water all the appearance of a frigate."

Thus, the three-decker *Marco Polo* arrived in the Liverpool River, and was seen by one Paddy McGee, a notorious Merseyside character who described himself as a "Marine Store Dealer." He bought her cheap and sold her immediately at a handsome profit to James Baines; her new owner looked her over, noted with satisfaction her richly-panelled saloon, her crimson velvet upholsteries, her state-rooms. She was, suggested Paddy McGee, a ship "made to measure, sorr, for a man like me old friend Cap'n Forbes."

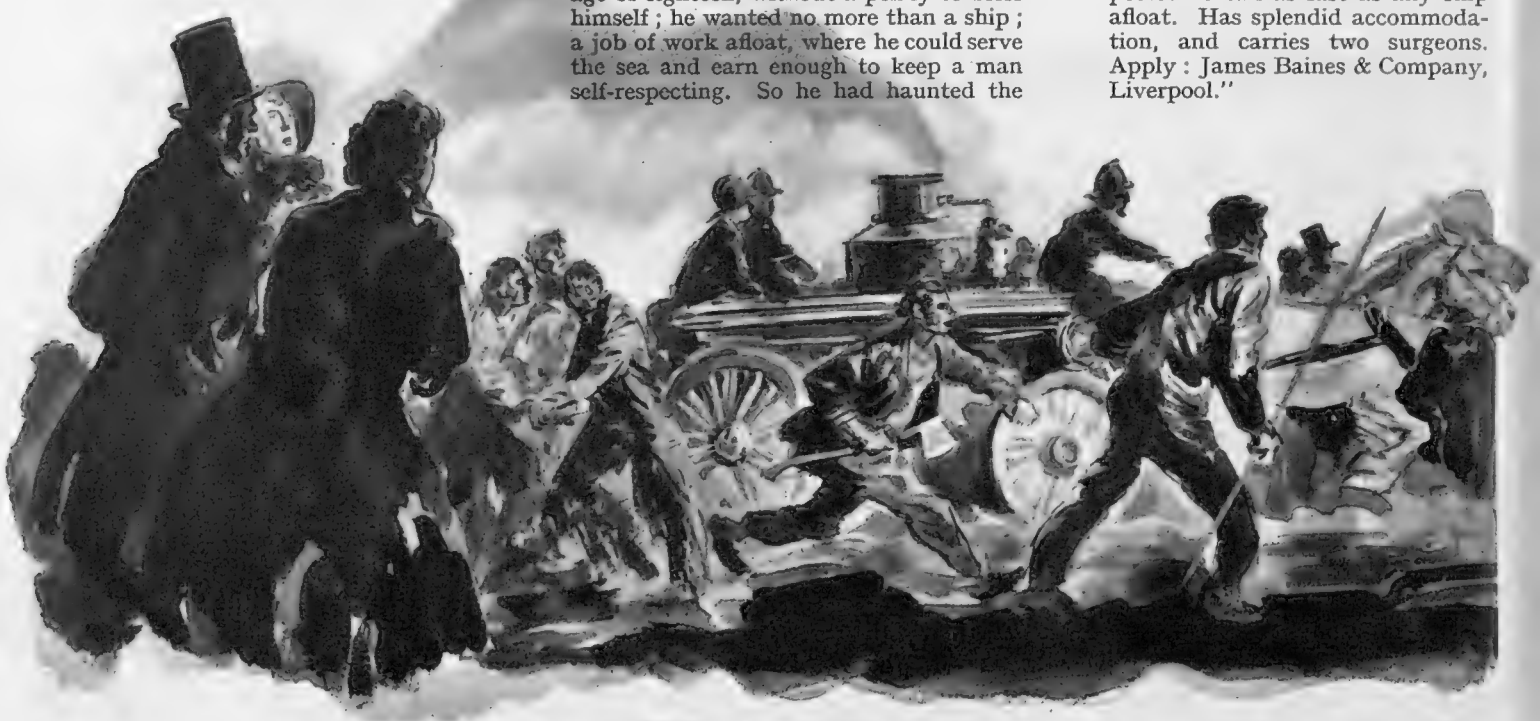
Two years the senior of Baines, a native of Aberdeen, James Nicol Forbes had reached Liverpool in 1839, at the age of eighteen, without a penny to bless himself; he wanted no more than a ship; a job of work afloat, where he could serve the sea and earn enough to keep a man self-respecting. So he had haunted the

docks, and finally got himself work in a battered three-masted schooner. But his career was to be swift, dazzling; a man of snap decisions, utterly fearless, with a mercurial temperament, Forbes was as unlike Baines as chalk and cheese. With a twinkle in his eyes, Baines said: "I have heard, Captain, that you managed to astonish not only Liverpool but the whole of the shipping world with the manner in which you made quite indifferent vessels accomplish remarkable voyages." "Bully" Forbes took him up on that; it was his great chance: "With the *Marco Polo*, sir, I would make seafaring history!"

And so Baines gave her to him; at the farewell dinner the night before she sailed Forbes said: "Judging by the appearance of her sticks and her timbers, gentlemen, *she will be obliged to go*—and you need not be surprised if you find her back in the Mersey *this day six months*!"

Wealthier emigrants who had booked passage in her had been attracted by a notice plastered the length and breadth of Britain:

> "Under engagement to sail on 21st June; the splendid new Frigate-built Ship *Marco Polo*; A1 at Lloyd's; of 2,500 tons burthen, coppered and copper-fastened, now only on her second voyage; is the largest vessel ever despatched from Liverpool to Australia, and expected to sail as fast as any ship afloat. Has splendid accommodation, and carries two surgeons. Apply: James Baines & Company, Liverpool."



The sailing-date was delayed until July 4; then, with a crew of thirty, and with 930 emigrants, *Marco Polo* reached Port Philip Roads on September 18, 1852, a record passage of 68 days. She had beaten the steamship *Australia* by a clear week; her average day's run had been 336 miles. And there, at Hobson's Bay,

The loss by fire in April 1858 of the *James Baines*, the most perfect clipper that ever entered the Mersey

JACK MATTHEW

" Bully " Forbes found nearly fifty ships held up through mass-desertion of crews gripped by gold-fever. Grimly, he played his only trump-card and preferred a charge of insubordination against every member of his crew ; he had them locked up, and secured their release only one hour before sailing-time ! On December 26, seventy-six days later, Forbes stepped ashore in Liverpool, grinned broadly at the milling crowds, told them to " take another look." They did. Stretched between fore- and main-masts, they saw a great length of canvas on which Forbes had painted the words : " The Fastest Ship in the World ! " He had fulfilled the boast he made at the farewell dinner, six months previously. And the *Marco Polo* brought to Liverpool £100,000 in gold dust, and a 340-oz. nugget, a gift from the Government of Victoria to the Queen.

Thereafter, success of the Black Ball Line of Australian packets was assured. *Marco Polo*, " For passengers, parcels and specie, having bullion safes, unrivalled throughout the world with a commander whose ability and kindness to his passengers are well known," sailed on her second Australian voyage on Sunday, March 13, 1853. Driving her like a man inspired, Forbes crowded on sail, pausing only to assure a deputation from his passengers, who begged him " Take your time, a little, *please*," that this voyage was a case of " Hell—or Melbourne ! " That night, supremely confident, he called the passengers together and told them : " Ladies and gentlemen : last trip I astonished the world with the performance of this ship. *This trip I intend to astonish the Almighty God !* "

On her homeward voyage *Marco Polo* brought gold dust to the value of £280,000 ; and then " Bully " Forbes left her, to proceed to Boston for Baines and there superintend the fitting-out of the latest Black Ball clipper, the 2,096-ton *Lightning*, which carried a vast spread of 13,000 yards of canvas. He brought his new command across the Atlantic in such magnificent style that he set up yet another speed record, and took her on her maiden voyage to Australia on May 14, 1854. Watching him handle her in the Mersey from the landing-stage was a girl, Jane, to whom " Bully " Forbes was all the world. *Lightning* returned to Liverpool with gold dust to the value of £1,000,000 in her strong-room ; and her passengers told a remarkable story of how Forbes " drove her at the break of the poop, a pistol in each hand in order to prevent his frightened crew from letting-go the royal halliards ! " Her actual time had been 64 days, 3 hours, 10 minutes—a record which stands to this day . . . and at Liverpool Jane awaited the coming of her man . . .

Encouraged by these fine voyages, Baines placed orders with the famous Donald Mackay shipbuilding yards to push ahead with the construction of two new ships, *Champion of the Seas* and *James Baines* ; the former of 2,447 tons, the latter of 2,525 tons, the largest sailing-ship in the world. With a full-rounded stern which proudly bore her name and port of registry, and, at her long, rakish bow, a hand-carved bust of her owner, the *James Baines* was the seaman's dream-come-true.

Baines was a wealthy man, with a charming house and renowned for his hospitality ; in a four-in-hand, with his wife, he would drive through the streets of Liverpool, sometimes to buy a gift for a friend, sometimes to give practical help to less fortunate folk, often to purchase " an odd ship " at Kellock's Auction. But Fate had waited a long time . . . and in April, 1858, with a full cargo, " the most perfect clipper that ever entered the Mersey " lay discharging in Huskisson Dock. Events moved with frightening rapidity, and the disaster was reported, in vividly descriptive writing, in *The Illustrated London News* : " Fire burst out on (*Continued on page* 80)

Two years after the loss of the ship which bore his name, James Baines was tempted to forsake sail for steam, and he became interested in two ill-fated auxiliaries

SHEEP GRAZING IN THE FOREST OF DEAN

AN EXAMINER AT WORK

Short Cut to the Seam

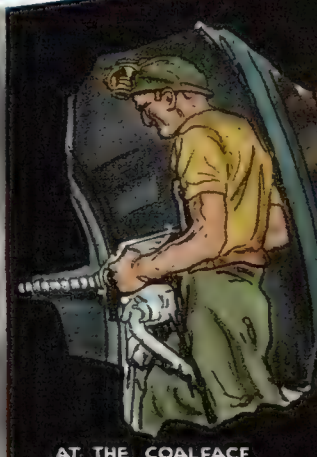
by E.P.L. FISHER

IMMEDIATELY you begin talking about coal to people *outside* the coal areas of Britain, all the old ugly arguments raise their heads: Coal Board follies. The mining areas have gone Communist. Disastrous high prices. Relics of the bad old days of child and woman slave labour in the mines. The hunger and stark need which used to be the force behind the pits. . . .

But *inside* the coal areas you don't find political talk uppermost; and when in the Institute or the miners' Youth Centre o' nights the talk does get around to Cabinet Ministers and others, the political shades vary widely, and are not the startling hues that most people outside the mining areas suppose. In my present fact-finding tour on behalf of an independent public-administration group, I have covered most of East Durham, Yorkshire and some of the tiny isolated mines that lie buried in Gloucester, in the Forest of Dean. I have talked (on the Coneygarth drift) to Alec Milburn, father of Newcastle United's star player Jackie Milburn. In the neighbourhood of the Denaby and Cadeby collieries I have spoken with upright, straight-talking men like Tom Hill, and other level-headed Yorkshiremen such as Ernest Oxer (Deputy at the Denaby pit) and Jim Sabin, senior man at the miners' Welfare Institute.

And at the Albert and Edward pit (one of the smallest pits, in the Forest of Dean) I was privileged to gain the views of seasoned miners such as John Lakin, sixty-four year old Frank Bradley and Harry Toomer, onsetter in this little pit with the mighty effort of 3,000 tons every five days.

The sum total of the statistics is that Britain's miners, by and large, are finding the short cut to the seam. Of course there are black areas, and black sheep. Of course miners and their families are getting better food, and extra inducements. That isn't (*Continued on page* 64)



AT THE COALFACE

A DRILLER AT WORK

THE MAN AT THE PUMP

Son Of The

THOUGH Otoes, the fur seal half-bull wouldn't have figured very prominently at a beauty show, he made up for his saturnine looks and moody disposition by representing a huge capital investment. Powerful nations had tangled innumerable times over his ownership, and the purchase of his lonely, mist-drenched home in the Bering Sea had left the taxpayers hanging on the ropes.

Blissfully ignorant of both this and the fact that his comfort and well-being had been guaranteed by international treaty, he cruised the blue-green waters of the North Pacific, at a point some 800 odd miles from home, and waited, impatiently, for something to break the deadly monotony of his surroundings.

OTOES announced loudly and vociferously that this was his domain and that he was prepared to fight for his rights

Finally, unable to keep his effervescent spirits bottled up any longer, he heaved his six-foot, 600-pound torso into the air, like a grey furred Neptune popping from the sea, and put on an extemporaneous display of plain and fancy swimming that set the water to bubbling and

HE hurled himself headlong at a nearby beach master that had coralled a trio of sloe-eyed cows in a little depression

Spindrift

A Short Story

By William MacMillan

seething like the inside of a witch's cauldron, and brought more than one pair of sharkish eyes cocked in his direction.

The performance from beginning to end was Grade A in every respect, but if the lonely fellow expected the pyrotechnics to galvanize the sea into action and provide the excitement he craved, he was doomed to disappointment.

The surface, except for the gobs of froth and foam he himself had whipped up, remained as calm and unruffled as ever, and he seemed to be the only living thing in the world of sky and water. Then, bubbles and eddies began swirling and breaking beyond the disturbed area as all kinds of creatures came hurrying hopefully to the spot.

Otoes watched these manifestations of excitement under the water with supreme indifference. He had seen the gathering of the clans before and knew that since most of them were scavengers they couldn't possibly do him any harm.

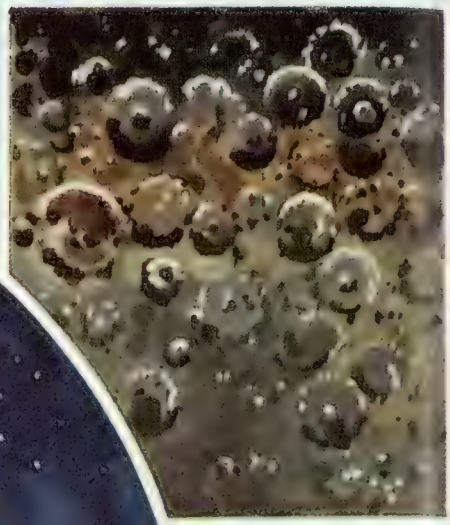
He shed his indifference and became alert and watchful, however, at sight of the five-foot backfin of a killer whale surging purposefully in his direction. This could spell trouble with a capital T, for he knew something of these ravenous, nineteen-foot orcas, as they were sometimes called, and all of it was so bad that, at any other time, he would have jumped on his bicycle, so to speak, and pedalled off without so much as a backward look at the knifing fin.

This time, however, sheer boredom tempted him into taking a chance. Confident that he could outswim and outdodge anything twice his own size, at close quarters, he was balancing himself on his flippers, ready to dart off at right angles to the killer's course in the last split second, when the free-wheeling pirate shifted his pace and was on top of him before he could do anything about it. With the taste of death in his mouth as the long rows of sharp teeth ploughed along his flank, he got his flippers going and took off.

For a moment it looked, almost, as if he was going to make it, then an unlucky sweep of the killer's powerful tail halted him in his tracks and set him up for the kill.

Fortunately, the bubble-laced foam (*Continued on page* 66)

THE RESULT OF A METEOR SHOWER AT KANSK IN 1908



THE MOON'S SURFACE PITTED WITH CRATERS CAUSED BY METEORS

Hunting Meteors

The New Craze

By Harold J. Shepstone

THE latest hobby is the observation of meteors, or shooting stars as they are more popularly called, those strange missiles from outer space that are continually bombarding our atmosphere. Science declares it is necessary to learn something more about them and they are asking us to spend our evenings studying the movements of these heavenly visitors. It has no concern with the so-called "flying saucers" which Americans and others assure us they have seen in the sky at various places. Rather it is to help in the development of the space ship rendered necessary now that rockets have reached such extreme heights.

Dr. J. G. Porter, President of the British Astronomical Association—a junior branch as it were of the Royal Astronomical Association—declares that something like twenty million meteors, meteorites or aerolites enter the earth's atmosphere every twenty-four hours. They come rushing towards this earth at a velocity twenty times greater than that of a rifle bullet and were it not for the fact that we live at the bottom of an air-ocean seventy miles or so deep, we should be subjected to a never ending bombardment of such terrific intensity as would speedily destroy all living creatures and reduce the world's cities to mere heaps of shattered masonry.

This is what some astronomers believe happened to the moon when she was young and impressionable. Her surface is pitted with craters, some of them as much as fifty miles in diameter. One school of thought contends that these craters were formed by meteors striking the moon's surface, while others believe they are the result of volcanic eruptions. The moon has no atmosphere. Our atmosphere, however, acts as a sort of torpedo net and intercepts these potential bombs. The friction set up as they pass through the earth's atmosphere heats them to such (*Continued on page* 58)

A METEOR PLUNGED INTO THE OCEAN ONLY A FEW YARDS FROM THE VESSEL

Singing Axes

How Jack Killed A Ghost And Saved The Corbett Pride

By Jon Cleary

WHEREVER axemen gather to-day in Australia they talk about the Corbett brothers, remembering them as likeable giants who could wield an axe faster than a nagging wife can wield her tongue. In Gippsland, in eastern Victoria, Paddy and Jack Corbett are treated with the reverence reserved for heroes.

They were born in Gippsland, in the country below Mount Kootapatamba. That is aboriginal for "waters where the eagles drink," and it is wild, tough country, the sort of country that finds the weakness in man and tests the extent of his stamina and endeavour. Paddy was ten when Jack was born, but people now never think of them as kids but only as men, the biggest men in the district, and always inseparable. Paddy was the taller by an inch, the louder in his laugh, the more spontaneous in his friendliness, and for those reasons people always noticed him first. But they never overlooked Jack. He was shy and hard to know, but his presence had the quiet dominance of the tall timber in which he worked. When a man is six feet three and weighs two hundred and twenty pounds, you can't overlook him, no matter how quiet and shy he is.

Their mother died when Jack was born and their old man, Bluey Corbett, reared them. Bluey, too, was a giant, the mould from which his sons had come, the top axeman for the timber company that worked the Kootapatamba district, and his method of rearing his sons was strictly rough and ready.

They got their schooling, all right, something Bluey himself had never had, but they learned other things: to care for themselves at home when Bluey disappeared on one of his periodical benders; to wield an axe with artistry and to care for it as they would a friend.

Jack was sixteen when Bluey was killed. He was working as a swampie, helping bring out timber, waiting for the day when he'd be a faller like his brother and his old man. This day they were working in timber that had been thinned out. There was a breeze coming up the narrow valley, singing a whispering song, and the trees were waving at the tops, like ballet dancers making up their minds to dance but never quite getting to it. Bluey was high on a three hundred-footer, topping it so that when it fell the smashing of the upper branches wouldn't split the trunk as it hit the ground.

Jack heard the cry and looked up, expecting to see the top beginning its long, swishing fall. But the tree was shivering madly in the sudden gust of wind that had slammed up the valley. For a moment that was all he could see, the tree scribbling furiously across the face of the sky, then the tiny figure detached itself and began to fall, slowly as if it were being held back by its own determination to live; and the axe Bluey still held in his hand glinted like a tear in the sky.

THE next day Jack left the hills and applied for a job in the mill's office. He stuck that for four years and then, because he was a Corbett and the father's blood was still alive in the son's veins, he moved out into the timber again. But not as a faller. He took a job as a jinker, driving the horses that pulled the logs down to the small timber train that carried them down to the mill. It was a job no one had ever expected a Corbett to take, but because he *was* a Corbett and one of the two biggest men in the district, no one said anything.

It was Paddy who finally did say something. With Bluey's death he had become the company's top faller, had taken on his old man's mantle and given it an extra shine.

"I dunno why you don't come in as a faller." It was pay-day,

JACK heard the cry and looked up, expecting to see the top beginning its long, swishing fall. But the tree was shivering madly in the sudden gust of wind that had slammed up the valley

Illustrations by Tony Weare

THEY took to following the country shows, and Paddy proved his confidence in himself. The only man who could take an event from him, and that wasn't always, was Jack

and he and Jack were walking home from the mill. "You'd get more money than you do for driving those blasted nags. You're wearing out your pants sitting on that jinker."

"I can always buy another pair," Jack said in that quiet voice of his. "And there's not far to fall from a jinker seat."

"Meaning?"

"Dad fell a long way."

Paddy walked in silence for a while. "If I didn't know you better, I'd say you were a dingo. But you've never shown a yellow streak in anything else. Only thing is, I bet dad would've been disappointed in you."

"You don't know," Jack said. "You don't know what he was thinking that last time he fell."

SO Jack stayed on the ground and Paddy climbed to the whispering, dancing tops, and if people talked about them it never got back to the Corbetts.

But a timber worker's life isn't all work, and it is on his day off that he makes his reputation and gives it a chance to spread. For on his day off an axeman likes nothing better than to try his skill against other axemen, and it is in the woodchopping contests, at carnivals and shows all over the country, that an axeman makes his name.

There was only one show a year in the Kootapatamba district, down at Bunyip Flats, and the first two years Paddy entered the woodchopping contest he went through undefeated, winning with such ease that people were already talking about him as better than his old man.

One Sunday not long after his second success Paddy was sitting on the back veranda of their house, running the oilstone over his two racing axes. A high, sunburned wind had polished the sky to a pale brilliance and in the clear, sharp light the frieze of trees along the ridges seemed to be cut from green steel. The timbered ridges stretched away on either side of the valley, and beyond the town the river shone in the bright sun as a twisted dazzle of silver.

"You know, Jack, I think I'll go in for some of these other shows. I might even go as far as Bairnsdale, or even farther. A bloke might do some good for himself. There's money in it."

Jack grinned at him. "Your reputation's gone to your head, mate. Some of these blokes outside are pretty good."

"So am I." Paddy's conceit wasn't the sort that annoyed you; he grinned, and suddenly it wasn't conceit, just the confidence that schoolboys have. "I checked my times in the underhand chop and they're as good as any of last year's winners at Bairnsdale. And my tree-felling time was better, twenty seconds better."

"Righto, you're good," Jack said, still smiling. "But how are you going to get the time off?"

"Old Watkins will give me a couple of days when I want them, so long as I don't make a welter of it." Paddy was running the oilstone delicately over the axehead; the edge of the blade was just a thin streak of light. "If I turned out to be good, a champ, it'd buck him up no end. You know what he's like. He used to be a pretty good axeman himself, once."

Jack picked up the other axe and ran his thumb gently up and down the blade. Then he said, "I'll go with you."

Paddy looked up at him, surprised and puzzled. "You mean swing a kelly?"

"Yeah," Jack said. "I used to be able to swing an axe as good as you once. I'll give you a run for your money in the underhand and standing chops. You're getting a bit big in the head."

"What about the tree-felling?" Paddy said.

"You can have that on your own."

"Still don't like being up in the air?"

"I'll stick on the ground," Jack said. "I'll leave the aerial stuff to you bokes that like to show off."

Paddy picked up a thick chip, tossed it and caught it on the hair-thin edge of the axe blade. "One of these days I'll catch you on the end of a kelly like that. You're giving too much lip for a young brother."

So they took to following the country shows, and Paddy proved his confidence in himself. The only man who could take an event from him, and that wasn't always, was Jack. But in the tree-felling no one could get within coo-ee of Paddy and the time came when he was conceding up to two minutes start and was still winning. That was when they began to talk of Paddy as the best axeman ever, calling him The Master, and Kootapatamba realized it had a hero.

Paddy and Jack never married, because they weren't the marrying kind, but they went to dances and had fun with the girls and if they broke a few hearts, the damage didn't appear permanent; no girl stayed unmarried for long around that district.

Then in the fourth year of their fame they decided to branch out. They asked for a week off, which Old Man Watkins gladly gave them because they were the best advertisement he had for the mill, and they crossed the border and went up to Sydney for the Royal Easter Show. The Sydney Show is the big one of the whole country, when the bush comes to town and shows the city dwellers just what it is worth.

The axemen of New South Wales and Queensland, the men from the Dorrigo and the Atherton Tableland, had heard of the Corbetts and everyone knew this was going to be the biggest year yet in the woodchopping events. The Corbetts were here, and there was also Ben Dyson. He came from the jarrah forests of the south-west, a big-shouldered, big-mouthed youngster with the reputation of being the best axeman the west had ever produced, and if anyone hadn't heard of his fame he soon put them wise.

"You met this Dyson bloke yet?" Paddy said. He and Jack were standing on the bridge, having a day's sight-seeing before settling down to the main purpose of their visit to Sydney. "I've heard a lot about him."

"If he can't chop," Jack said, "he can certainly skite. He's been yelling his head off ever since he arrived that he's going to show the Corbetts how to use an axe. You know how to use one?"

"I got a fair idea," Paddy said. "You just lift it up and then drop it. That the idea?"

"That's close enough. Don't drop it on your foot, that's all."

The woodchopping arena next afternoon was crowded. The tiers of seats were packed, none of the spectators aware of the hard boards beneath them and all of them looking down on the arena and the axemen with the quizzical eyes of experts.

Paddy and Jack were honing their axes when Dyson came ambling over towards them. He was squarely built, almost as wide as he was tall, and his red-brown face repeated the pattern of his body.

"You're the Corbetts," he said, and sounded as if he were going to spit. "You're supposed to be pretty good."

Paddy, right off, didn't like the look of Dyson nor his manner. He opened his mouth to give a blunt, impolite answer, but Jack got in first. "We've been lucky. We hear you're pretty good, too."

"We'd have been deaf if we hadn't heard it," Paddy said.

"Yeah, I'm all right," Dyson said. "But luck didn't have anything to do with me winning. Would you like to see how far your luck goes this afternoon?"

Paddy was on his feet now; Dyson wasn't short, but Paddy towered over him. Then Jack stood up on the other side of him, and Dyson must have felt he was back home in the tall jarrah. He looked up at the Corbetts. "They said you was big. But that don't make no difference. It's the way you swing a kelly that wins races."

"We'll be winning a couple more this afternoon," Paddy said.

"You reckon?" Dyson said. "You like to try your luck again and have a little side bet?"

"Yeah," Paddy said; temper was bubbling behind his words. "I've got fifty quid that says you don't win either the underhand or the tree-felling this afternoon. The same fifty says that one of us will win 'em."

Dyson grinned, a gap-toothed sneer. "This is going to be an expensive day for you. No prize money, and fifty quid out on a bet." He said over his shoulder as he walked away, "I'll collect off you later. Don't run out on me."

Paddy stood looking after him, running his thumb up and down the blade of his axe. "He's the first one I've met like that. Most of 'em are all right, but he——"

"Keep your shirt on," Jack said. He had stood quietly by while Paddy and Dyson had swapped words, but Dyson had been aware all the time that he was talking to both of them. You couldn't separate them. "It's too close to starting time to get excited about him. And you were a bit hasty chucking around our fifty quid. I'd rather had a look at him first, then had a bet."

Paddy looked at him, and his temper, fired by the brush with Dyson, still had control of his tongue. (*Continued on page 72*)

Touring Europe For Four Months On Fifty Pound

1 *A modern youth hostel at Les Rousses in the Jura Mountains*

2 *A view of Lerici on the Mediterranean, taken from the castle battlements*

3 *The famous Cross outside the monastery at Fiesole; Florence can be seen in the background*

4 *The Doges' Palace, Venice*

5 *The harbour, Cannes, showing the yacht on which the author stayed for two weeks*

Viewing Paris from the Eiffel Tower before the tour commenced. The author is seen on the left

Touring Europe For Four Months On Fifty Pounds

Written and Photographed by Pam Chandler

DON'T let currency restrictions or little money prevent you from travelling. If you are prepared to sacrifice some of the luxuries and aren't afraid to do "the chores" as you go along, you can double the time you can be foot-loose and fancy-free.

This, at least, is my experience. It's my advice to anyone wanting to travel, after my sixteen-week, 3,500 mile holiday in France, Switzerland and Italy on £50.

When my friend and I decided to stay in Europe as long as possible on our £50 allowance, we looked about for the cheapest and most effective form of transportation. Obviously, if we could go under our own steam, we could stay for longer than if we went by train or coach. We eventually decided on auto-bikes, half cycle, half motor-cycle which do 120 miles to one gallon.

July 15, 1949. We sailed from Dover on the s.s. *Canterbury*. As we sighted the French coast we felt a tinge of excitement wondering what the next few months held in store for us. Arriving in Paris we spent several days exploring, on foot, with little lightening of pockets, its Bohemian cafés, its left-bank bookstalls, its street markets and enchanting boulevards.

Our auto-bike luggage had to be light and simple. We carried all our clothing and equipment for several months' tour in a pair of very smart "Baycliffe" panniers fastened to the back of each bike. We took one washable dress for "dressing-up" and travelled in shorts and shirts and a sweater. We had a raincoat and one pair of walking shoes and a change of underclothes. In addition, I had my camera and tripod, exposure meter and boxes of films. Important and much-used items in our luggage were two vacuum flasks, a methylated spirit stove for cooking when we couldn't light a fire, and two billy-cans with lids which served as saucepans, frying-pans, kettles and storage space for food en route.

We spent two days in the youth hostel at Fontainebleau poring over maps and routes. With the help of young French hikers we mapped out a tour via Geneva, Switzerland, the Jura Mountains, through the Rhone Valley, across the French Alps, and so into Italy.

APART from trying to reach another hostel for the night, we did not set ourselves any strict mileage each day, the countryside and weather were too lovely not to relax sometimes and do occasional sightseeing. No youth hostels were booked in advance, we usually found accommodation, though sometimes we slept on a mattress on the floor of a hostel. We carried a sheet and the hostels supplied blankets. The hostel charge is about 1s. 2d. a night, plus service such as chopping wood, lighting fires, sweeping, or other jobs about the hostel.

We lived simply—mostly on fruit, cheese, eggs, milk, bread and potatoes with a cream pastry and a bar of milk chocolate as a luxury each day. We ate margarine instead of butter and very little meat.

After Dijon we passed through the picturesque vineyard country of France, with its terrace on terrace of vines on the hillsides radiating in all directions.

The Jura Mountains loomed on the horizon. Their crests increased in height and the valleys deepened as we speeded towards them on the auto-bikes.

Though these gradients were getting far steeper than anything set out in specification for the "Umties," as we called the bikes (because of the registration letters UMT), they took the heights in their stride, with help from us in the way of pedalling.

WE stayed in the Jura Mountains at Les Rousses, in a modern youth hostel surrounded by pine trees and green hillocks. Here one of our pleasantest memories is the symphony of bells. The evening jingle of cattle-bells as the herds descended the mountainside, and then in the morning we awoke early hearing their slower musical ascent.

Our greatest scenic thrill came after a long, hot climb up the Jura mountain road, when we looked down on a grand panorama round Lake Geneva, with the snow-capped peak of Mont Blanc rising majestically in the distance.

We gazed and gazed, then reluctantly we left the height, free-wheeling for mile on mile on the winding road down the mountainside.

Tanned brown by the sun of many days' travelling, we crossed the Swiss frontier at Geneva. Switzerland, with its well-filled shops and cafés was a veritable wonderland to travellers from austerity England—a temptation to dig too deeply into our budget, to buy food, sweets and chocolate. Some of the wrapped chocolate bars we found were half a yard long!

But we resisted. For two short days we window-shopped. We ate only one meal in a café, and followed our usual routine of picnicking and cooking on our small stove by the wayside. Then we rode on through the beautiful (*Continued on page* 80)

Tea by the roadside in France just before crossing the frontier into Switzerland

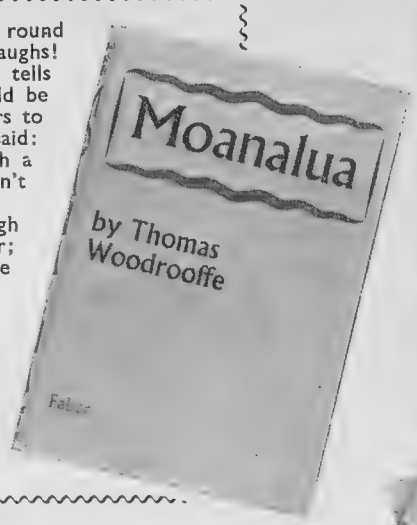
PACIFIC STATION

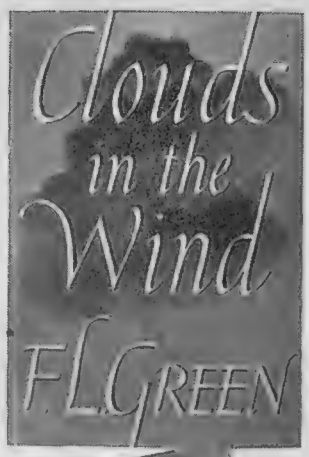
WHEN the Navy goes to the New Zealand station—and round the S.W. Pacific isles to dodge the winter—watch out for laughs! In **"Moanalua"** (Faber, 12s. 6d.) Comdr. Thomas Woodrooffe tells of a 21-gun salute to the isle of Tonga. To make sure it would be returned, gun for gun, we sent our gunner ashore with orders to "fire the damn thing himself, if necessary." On his return he said: "Full o' centipedes them old cannons was. You never saw such a potmess. Crabs and suchlike nesting down the barrels—you don't want a gunner to fire them things, you wants a zoologist."

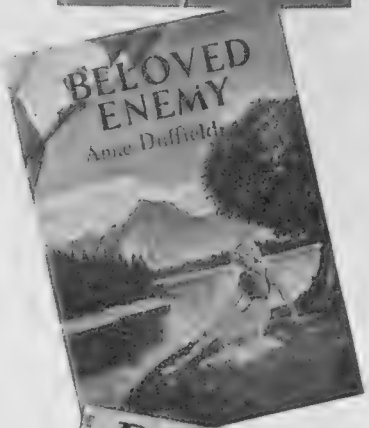
Another time the Commander's cruiser ploughed through some 200 miles of gale seas looking for a distressed fishing trawler; and the first signal she flashed when found was: "What was the result of last Test?"

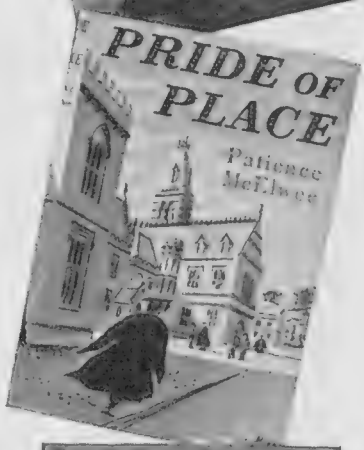
Touring the Napier schools for recruits with a local Navy League president, they hit a girls' school in error. Nothing daunted, the president gave them a talk, concluding: "If you can't be sailors, at least you can marry sailors." Their first recruit, weeks later, was "not quite right in the head!"

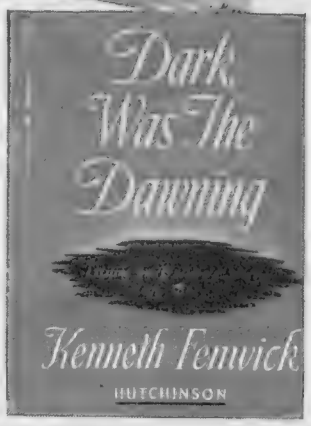
Well, the Navy was there, too, you see, and nicely lit up. Comdr. Woodrooffe's account of it is as genial as a duty-free round of wardroom drinks in the best possible company.



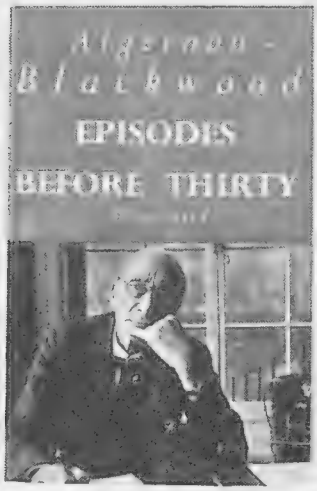








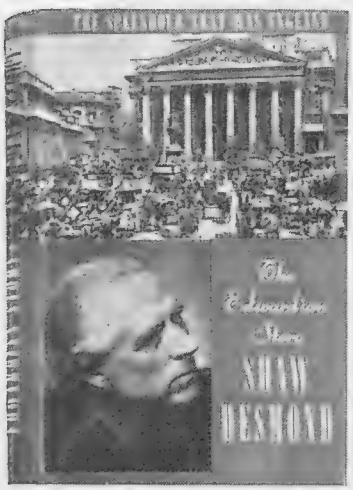
Books: *Reviewed by* Trevor Allen



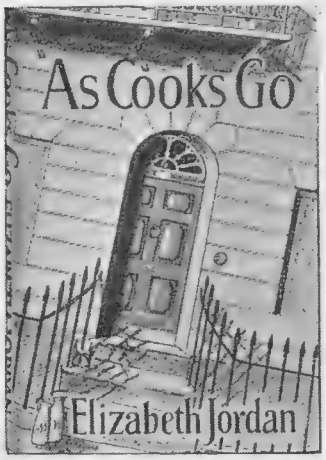
HOW many worlds we enjoy by proxy when we read autobiographies! This month I have been in Pacific waters with the Navy, in U.S. and British journalism, and in other people's kitchens with a cook!

Algernon Blackwood had already lived a chameleon existence, for a youth, when he dropped into New York journalism. Son of Sir Arthur Blackwood, financial secretary to the Post Office, with a Kent manor-house boyhood behind him, he had sunk £2,000 capital on farm and hotel ventures around Toronto, known poverty and criminal company in a squalid New York rooming house, and gone gold-prospecting.

Chance meetings, he says, started him reporting, writing books, and working as secretary to millionaire banker James Speyer; all the big changes in his life came in this way. His is a dynamic, adventurous story in **"Episodes Before Thirty"** (Peter Nevill, 15s.).



SHAW DESMOND'S beat was British free-lance journalism, which brought him contacts with famous writers, musicians, theatre and music-hall stars. These, and the period background, he invokes in **"The Edwardian Story"** (Rockliff, 18s.). An Anglo-Irish rhetorician who dreams in generalities and talks in italics, he writes as he speaks. It may be that the quiet, mellow, humorous Max Beerbohm manner of "going back" is better, and that one should decant one's nostalgic memories as one does old wine—through a fine mesh—and then sip, not gulp; but here, all the same, is a book for all who enjoyed Macqueen Pope's "Carriages at Eleven."



MRS. ELIZABETH JORDAN'S free-lancing was culinary. Not content with running home and family, she went out to other people's houses cooking at so much the hour or night, eventually earned £5 preparing snacks for one cocktail party and £9 a week living-in in the country. **"As Cooks Go"** (Faber, 10s. 6d.) is a simple record of her experiences; also of the vagaries of those whom she served! Housewives will chuckle—and learn.

IN the age in which she lived Maria Edgeworth, strictly speaking, should have stuck to the kitchen, too. But she didn't. She wrote "Castle Rackrent" and shared the honour of pioneering the novel of manners with Jane Austen and Fanny Burney, though to-day she is nigh forgotten. Isabel C. Clarke's **"Maria Edgeworth"** (Hutchinson, 18s.) valiantly recalls her ghost from limbo and is a vivid sketch of her time as well as of her eccentric father and rare achievements.

THOSE who have dallied at the Hyde Park forum—evidently there is another in Petticoat Lane less familiar—know the pert, challenging questions shot at open-air speakers. Methodist Minister the Rev. A. Jeans Courtney records them, with his answers, in **"The Passions Of Men"** (Skeffington, 12s. 6d.); and a rare insight into present social and religious problems they afford, as the Bishop of London and Sir Thomas Malony, formerly L.C.J. of Ireland, point out in Forewords.

EVER since our childhood reading of "The Last Days of Pompeii" we have regarded volcanoes as ancient hell-spots periodically eruptive. Imagine, then, an entirely new one suddenly puffing wisps of smoke out of a farmer's cornfield at Paricutin in S.W. Mexico and within ten weeks belching destruction from a cone 1,100 ft. high! That—and the valuable data scientists could get from it—is part of the fascinating story of Satis N. Coleman's **"Volcanoes New and Old"** (Museum Press, 16s.) which include Vesuvius, Pelée, Krakatao in a popular survey with ninety-seven photographs. *(Continued on page 78)*

Putting A Name To It

Richard Page-Smith discusses some of the variations on the name of table

"WHEN any gentleman is so vain and ambitious as to order the furnishings of his house in a style superior to his fortune and rank, it will be prudent to direct his choice to a more moderate plan." Thus wrote Sheraton, one of England's greatest designers of furniture.

Times have changed and Sheraton's caution now seems superfluous, most of us being only too anxious to make our money stretch as far as possible when buying furniture, and that of course means buying with a little knowledge. To be able to put the correct name to the many different types of table that exist is at least a beginning.

We have unfortunately very few examples of tables handed down to us before the sixteenth century, but we know from early tapestries and illustrations the simple design of those then in use, long narrow tables placed close to the walls to ensure that the diners were safe from attack, at least from behind.

However, after Henry VIII's reign, English homes were less fortified and small oak furniture became a product of that period, a particular example which is still used even to-day being known as the "Gate" table. This was usually made of oak, the ordinary type having eight legs and an oval folding top. The leaves when lifted are supported by legs with cross stretches which swing like a gate. These tables are full of English character, and are found in many sizes.

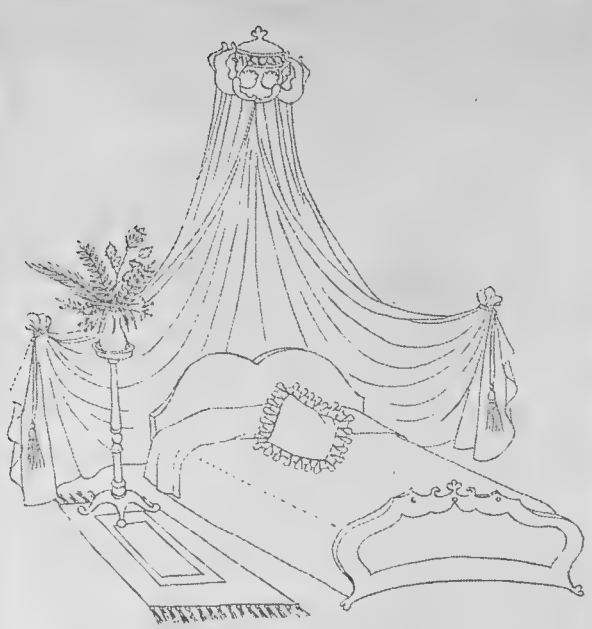
DURING the Civil Wars no furniture of repute appears to have been made but the Jacobean "drawing" table survived them. This was so called because of the double slabs on top, the two ends being made to draw out which then became supported by sliders, while the centre previously held by these on a higher position falls to its place by its own weight. The legs were usually "acorn" in shape, around which sometimes were fastened silver bands, to which guests' dogs were leashed. These tables were designed to hold food "till they groaned," and although we have long ceased to require tables to render such stalwart service, the same principle is applied to some modern tables.

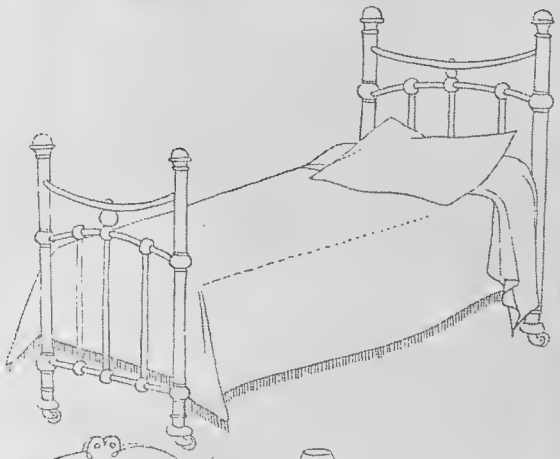
The Restoration introduced French influence—Grinling Gibbons carving elaborately beautiful limewood tables and those of the same period now to be seen at Knoll, the Sackville-Wests' ancestral home, are entirely covered in beaten silver.

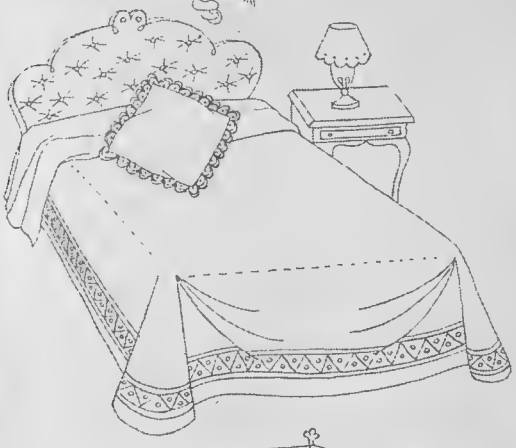
A great period for furniture was (*Continued on page* 80)

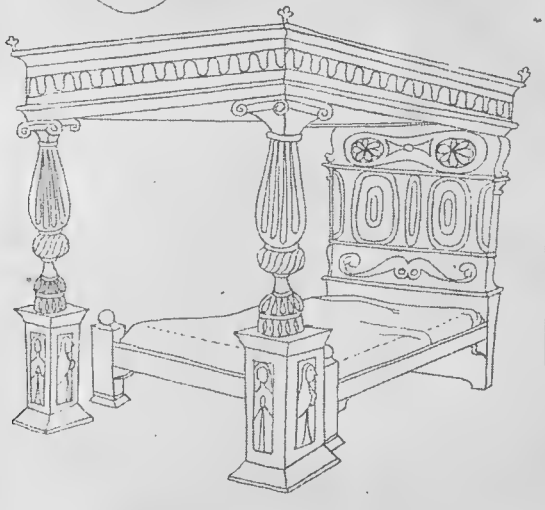
The two commonest variants of the pedestal table are the gallery table (*top*) and the pie-crust table (*left*) both eighteenth century in origin. The sofa table (*below right*) shows most of the typical features of its type with splayed legs at either end, leaves and drawers. The other two tables illustrated are each designed to stand against a wall, the pier table (*right*) freestanding; the console table (*below*) actually braced against the wall itself

As You









ONE of those remarks that inevitably set the cat among the pigeons has just been made by a hospital matron. She said—and her words were widely reported—that there has been a shocking decline in the art of bedmaking. But, strong as my regard is for all hospital matrons, I feel I must differ with this one.

To begin with, the choice of words is surely wrong, for the matron seems to be thinking of bedmaking as a science, not as an art at all. A science where every move follows a rule, and no room is left for individual artistry or for the wishes of the bed's occupant.

Most of us know the hospital bedmaking routine—admirable, quick, neat and functional as a machine. Before you know where you are, you are pinioned down in a strait-jacket of strips of sheet across your chest, blankets tucked inexorably in around your rebellious feet, counterpane locking you down by its entirely predictable folds.

But what if you are a six-footer vainly trying to give your feet space-room? Or what if you are a fat man and find your diaphragm constricted by bedclothes as formally arranged as the ribbon on an Easter egg? The question raises itself—is the patient made for the bed, or the bed for the patient? About fifty per cent of one's life is spent in bed, so it surely is worth any woman's while to make each bed a chef d'œuvre of comfort. Yet a great many serving men can do it better than the woman of the house, though one must say in her defence that, with the under-sheet she probably has to answer the doorbell to the milkman, with the pillows a man calls to read the electric meter, and at the counterpane stage the cauliflower boils over. As with so many household chores, diversity of interests is the enemy of perfection.

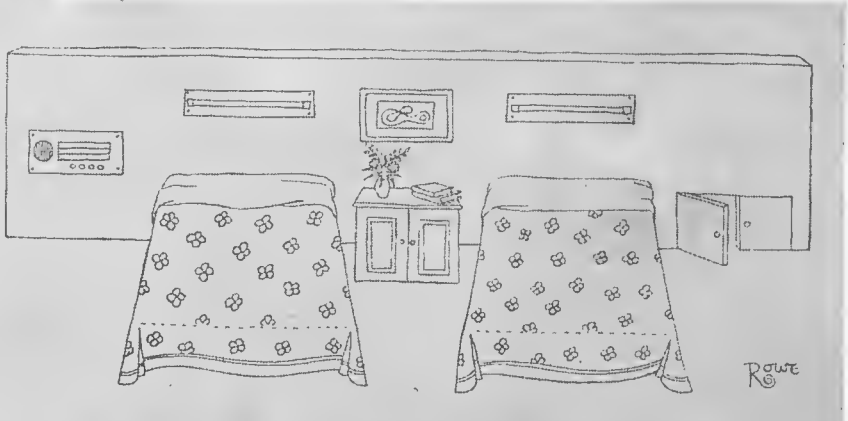
Of course, the possibilities of error are innumerable. Some people like the blankets left loose at the bottom. But it would be wrong to go to the other extreme and to concentrate suffocating folds of blanket at the top of the bed so that its occupant's temperature varies from boiling-point round the neck to zero from the ankles down.

Then there is the vexed question of the slipping eiderdown. It has been claimed that a non-slip eiderdown in hotels would help to increase the tourist trade. Be that as it may, an ingenious person is said to have perfected a sort of suede-cloth under-lining which has the effect of anchoring the unruly coverlet, the idea seems worth copying.

And then the all-important pillow! I wonder why we are so conservative in our pillow-shapes. Abroad, one often has the big square type, which gives a more gradual slope to the body's posture, thus avoiding the sudden steep angle to the neck that a too-high narrow pillow can give. The whole thing is, surely, another matter for personal taste. Though of course, the question of pillow cases is usually the limiting factor, since any but the regulation shape are difficult to get, and you are probably too busy to make your own.

AS for the pillow's stuffing, here tastes are almost infinitely varied. I know people who like pillows as hard as boards, and there are some who like their pillows sprung. Others like pillows in piles, and some, like me, prefer them flat. The hospital matron will never approve all these variations; but for the hostess, the really clever mistress of a house, the thing in bedmaking is—consideration of the bed's occupant.

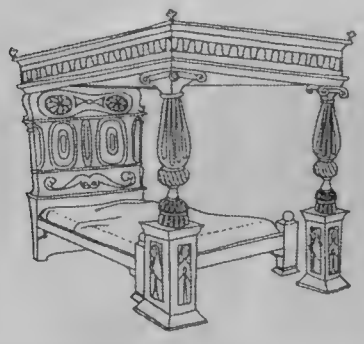
MOLLY HALES



Make It

The Whole Art Of Bedding Down

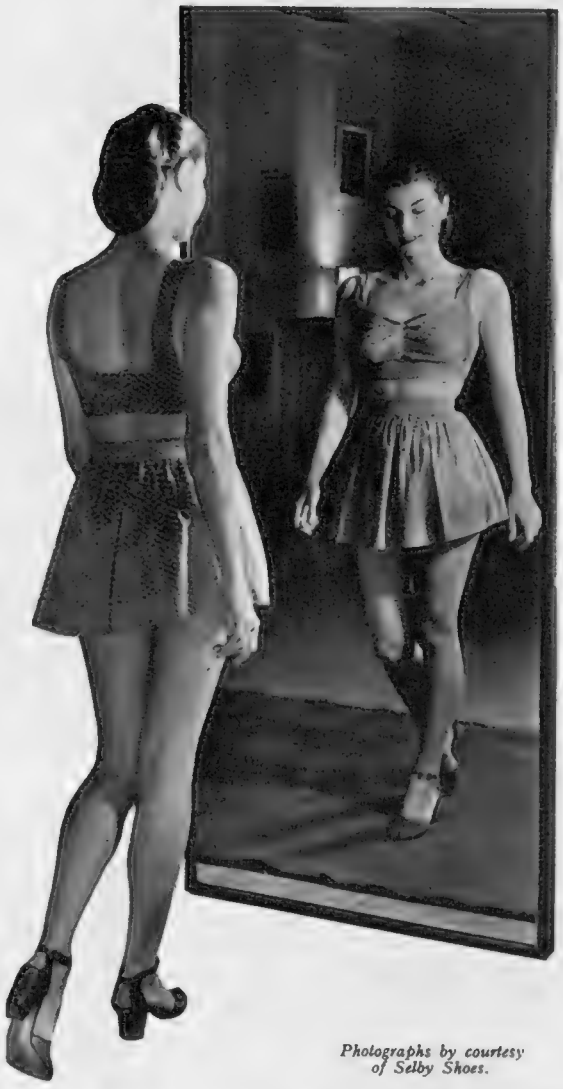
Above : A Put-U-Up double-life suite in gold and pastel damask. With a simple adjusting movement the 6 ft. davenport becomes a double bed with a deep-sprung mattress. The settee of the three-piece suite on the right is the family spare bed. One of the easy chairs is a rocker. A chesterfield suite in rust brocade (below) of which the settee becomes a single bed at night.



Walking—

WRONG : She lurches forward . . . she sways . . . her body rolls around at the spine . . . she looks just like a camel trudging across the desert.

RIGHT : See the difference in the lower picture ! Straight as an arrow, no forward lean or rotary motion of the spine. Stomach flat, tail tucked in, head high and shoulders down.



Photographs by courtesy of Selby Shoes.

WRONG . . . RIGHT . . .
How unlovely the walk on the left ! And how many women do it ! Jiggling and jerking along . . . hands clenched, shoulders hollowed, toes turned up. In contrast, how graceful is the walking posture on the right. Head up, shoulders back, legs swinging free and easy.

-On Part

ONE authority has computed that only one woman in seventeen knows how to walk correctly. "Correctly" in this case is defined in the words of the American portrait painter, Leon Gordon. "Even if she is not going anywhere, a woman should always make the business of getting there very important, and handle her feet with character, intention, grace and majesty. Size has nothing to do with foot beauty. It's the character of the foot that matters."

These pictures, taken from an interesting little book called "How to Walk," illustrates the more common faults of walking and deportment in contrast with the right way. There are the jerky, hippity-hop walkers, the spread-eagle walkers, who hold their feet as much as 16 to 17 ins. apart while they are walking, and perhaps the most numerous of all, the camel walkers, who walk with a rotary motion of the body about the spine.

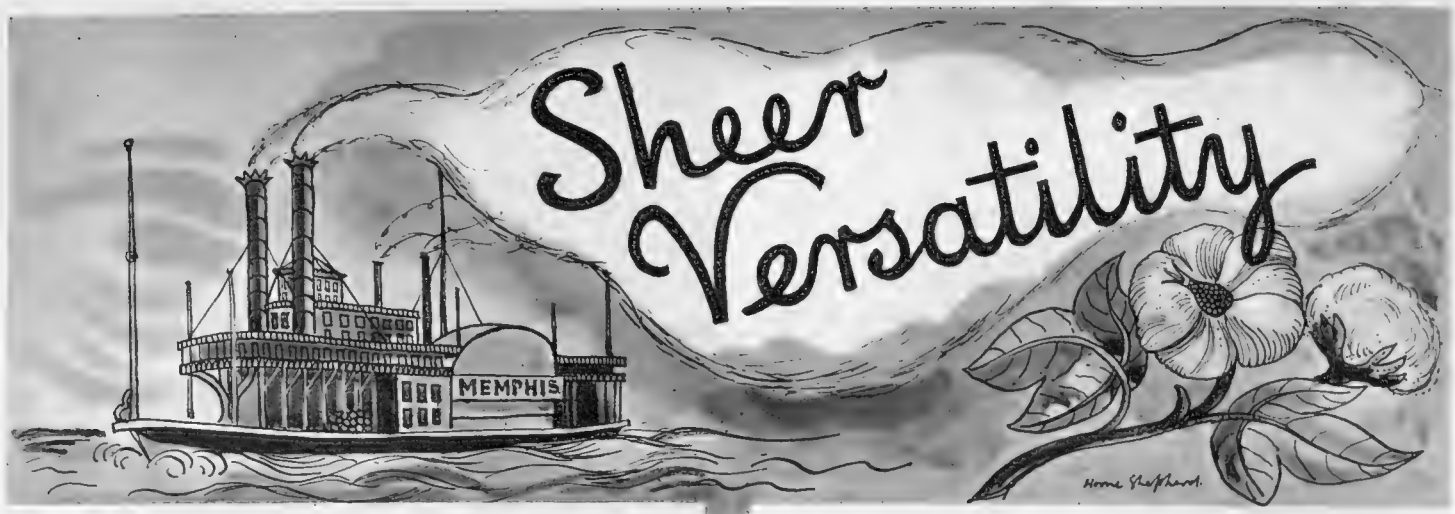
Here, briefly, is the secret of a graceful walk. You must walk straight forward, in full steps covering as near to 30 ins. as you can with comfort and ease. Don't sway, either sideways, backwards or forwards. As the left leg swings forward like a pendulum, the right forearm should come obliquely across until about even with the middle of the body, knuckles out. At the end of the forward swing, let arm relax and swing back naturally and easily. Get the feel of an imaginary straight line that could be run through ear lobe, shoulder and hip to ankle bone. Keep the tail "tucked in" and the stomach pulled up.

Sitting is an equally stern test of elegance. The right way to sit down is to lower yourself to the chair, not plop into it. Approach the chair casually, practise sitting and feet positions before a long mirror every day or so until you acquire casual grace. Hands and feet must be casual but controlled to be smart.

WRONG . . . RIGHT . . .
Knees apart, widely separated and pointed out . . . what could be more awkward and unattractive than the stride on the left. Compare with the right way to walk . . . knees together . . . feet coming together smartly. Longer steps make the walk more flowing and graceful.

WRONG : Sitting cross-legged like the girl above, tends to thicken the thighs. Being relaxed does not mean flopping wrists, drooping shoulders and twisted ankles.

RIGHT : The position below, with feet together, one slightly in advance of the other . . . spine easily erect . . . hands loosely locked. Both hands and feet must be casual to be smart.



QUEEN COTTON has come into her own.

It 's the age-old story of Cinderella, with the difference that it is set in the textile world and that the competition is with lovely sisters—silk, satin, linen, and the rest—not with ugly sisters. No longer do we speak lightly of " popping into a little cotton frock " for the morning. Cotton to-day is " styled for high fashion," as the experts say. It 's used for formal late-day occasions—as cocktail suits, dinner dresses, and evening dresses ; for smart town wear and afternoon dresses ; for practical all-day clothing in serviceable colourings right for the office and equally suitable for dinner and theatre afterwards. Beach suits, play suits, swim suits (not always the same as beach suits) ; sunshades, gloves and handbags—cotton has won through for all these.

Those old Lancashire " fathers " of the British cotton industry—John Kay, James Hargreaves, Richard Arkwright and Samuel Crompton—who in the late eighteenth century revolutionised cotton-spinning methods, might well be astonished and delighted by the progress of their poor and humble child, now a beautiful débutante sought after by so many. But how has it come about, this new cotton-consciousness ? Partly through present-day problems of obtaining silks and other materials. Partly because recent research on cotton has shown up its good points—its versatility, durability, washability—to a degree never before reached. As with many other materials, the developments seem greater and more sudden proportionately because production was delayed by the war. The infinite variety of cotton fabrics now on the market wasn't dreamt of in a night : we are reaping now the harvest of patience, craftsmanship and imagination developed by the cotton industry over a long period of time.

By mixing cotton with other fabrics it has been possible to make it crease-resisting—thereby giving it the advantage over certain other materials. Shrink-resisting ? All the best cotton to-day is subjected to the Sanforized or Tebilised or other non-shrinkage methods which guarantee to us that such items as shirts and " smalls " will emerge from any decent wash approximately the same dimensions as they entered it. New finishes make cotton crisp, significant and upstanding, or demurely drooping, soft and silky. Only the most ungrateful could find fault with this charmful creation.

It is true that to us, as customers, prices for cotton seem to have risen to astronomical figures—a cotton dress material which used to cost in pre-war days about 3s. 11d. or 4s. 11d. may now average around 15s. to 18s. But the materials we are being given to-day are unrecognisable side by side with their poor relations of past years.

It is possible that this increase of price is, psychologically, some attraction to buyers. We are but human, and the old adage about taking things and people at their own

value may apply here. To-day's price increase is, of course, largely related to the world economic situation. Import duties and transport have their say, as well as the difficulties of combining Glamour with Dollar.

Designers are putting all they have into this adaptable material. South American and Persian patterns, stars and stripes, a galaxy of colours which might have dazzled the Queen of Sheba and Solomon in all his glory—Cotton is now the Belle of the Ball.

LORNA LEWIS.

From morn to midnight cotton is the medium for current fashions. The holiday cotton outfits (left) and the formal dark green afternoon dress (above) are by Horrockses. Arthur Banks designed the lovely cotton organdie evening gown. Cotton check combined with kid make the accessories from Simpsons of Piccadilly.

SUMMER-WISE HOUSE

A garden umbrella (left), with adjustable tilting device, is light and practical. The cane armchair is a garden classic. When summer lends profusion, a natural arrangement of blooms in a garden trug brings the beauties of the garden indoors.

Modern Venetian blinds (shown in the picture above) are cool and decorative. The blind tapes are now supplied in any one of a range of delicate colours to match the décor. Crisp muslin or cotton curtaining to replace heavy winter ones, gives a cool summer aspect to a room.

Few summer accessories are as gay and useful as a striped awning which transforms a terrace, such as this one on the right, or even a modest strip of concrete, into an outdoor living-room.

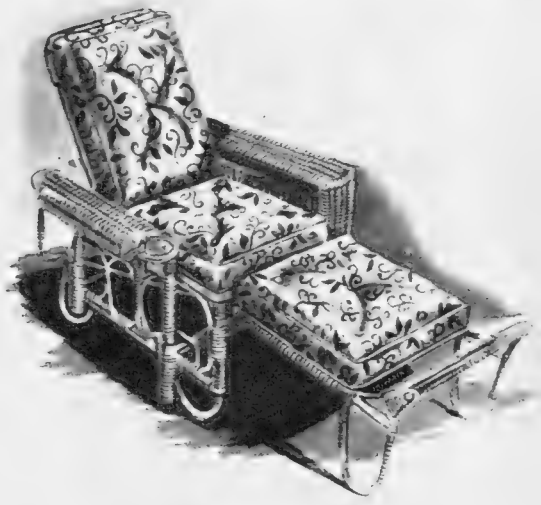
Plan to Exploit the Sunshine and to Make the Home and Garden a Place of Refreshment Through the Summer Months Ahead

Whitewashed walls, flagged paving-stones, painted iron furniture and colourful cretonnes, can change a small city garden into a retreat as inviting as this.

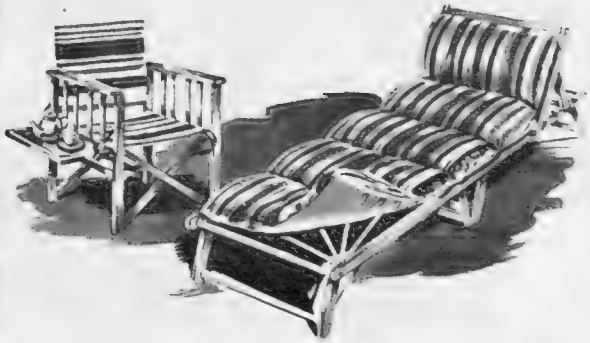
WE English have been so long faithful to the tradition that we live in a temperate climate that we do little to prepare for those extremes of weather which are, in fact, not unusual although admittedly unpredictable. Thus we suffer some discomfort and miss a good deal of pleasure when the weather catches us, as it so often does, in naïve astonishment and unprepared.

The English home does not, on the average, like the American one, go into its summer suiting after spring-cleaning, the cost and the weather being the familiar arguments against. In fact, the home can, with little trouble, be equipped to take the fullest benefit from summer weather at a cost which is fully justified by results.

Here are some ideas to set you preparing for the best and not the worst of weather. Some of the more ambitious outdoor furniture shown can be justified by its adaptability to year-round uses indoors.



A cane lounge chair (above) is handsome enough to take its place among the permanent furnishings in the house. Side trays and springing add luxury to the canvas and wood furniture below. All garden furniture from Harrods.



Companion Piece

A good holiday is a blend of the right companionship, the right place and the right weather, in that order. Where to spend your holiday and whom to share it with are quite within your control. Here, in time for making decisions, are some suggestions to set you planning the ideal holiday.

WHERE to go is only one part of the annual holiday problem. Who to share it with is almost, if not just, as tricky to decide.

Looking back over past holidays most of us can point to occasions when the precious weeks of relaxation were marred by an imperfect relationship with the holiday partner. If it is true that " you never know your best friend until you live with her," it is equally true that a holiday shared can disclose as many points of dissent.

The prospect of sun and sea and relaxation with somebody whose companionship you normally enjoy for short spells is attractive on the face of it, but ask yourself—and the other person—these important questions before you tie up your arrangements :

Do you think in the same terms about money and the cost of it all ? Here is a ready bone of contention unless you do. Has your holiday partner a deeper pocket than you, or *vice-versa* ? Are you likely to find yourself travelling in the plush class because she is accustomed to doing it that way, while you feel just a little diffident about confessing that you just cannot afford it ? Or the position could be reversed and it may be you travelling third for your companion's sake, yet with an eye on the people in the Pullmans and a sneaking conviction that you are missing something. These are small matters, but they ruffle the surface of contentment.

BE sure you are agreed on the subjects of " mixing " or not mixing with the people you meet. Don't take a chance on a holiday with a woman who turns out to be a bridge addict while you are left to contemplate the moon on the mountains Alone.

An absolute community of interests is rare, but at least you can agree to differ happily, going your ways and joining up when it is mutually agreeable. This is probably the most successful holiday plan of all if you have the temperament for it. Few women have.

IT is easy enough to plump for your best woman friend as a holiday companion. Certainly there are many advantages in the plan. You can relax and be yourself. You are familiar with her moods and tastes. You have, perhaps, a common background, mutual friends—and there's the rub. A holiday should be a change in every sense. A change of background, of people, even from the things you like best. If you share a holiday with your best friend you take some of your background and many of your interests with you.

For the same reasons there are good arguments for married people relaxing the reins of partnership on holiday. If a separate holiday—theoretically sound in the happiest of marriages—does not meet with your approval, sharing the holidays with one or two other people provides male companionship for Him and feminine companionship for You, permitting you both to follow separate interests. Golf for him, sun-basking for you, with companionship for each and nobody left lamenting.

IF you are a high-powered career woman, don't share a holiday with somebody to whom you talk " shop." On the other hand, beware of the family-bound housewife who, greatly daring, has left her husband and children to take a rest from it all. She may easily drive you crazy with her lamentations for her lost loved ones, and there is something very depleting in the remark : " I never *really* enjoy a holiday without George."

THE secret of it all is probably that the contracting parties to a holiday arrangement should be self-sufficient. If tastes, ages and pockets are reasonably well attuned, the rest depends upon a philosophical agreement to differ—or to separate temporarily—when you do. If the traditional theory that women cannot get along is true at all, it is because they demand too much of each other and lack that detachment which keeps masculine companionship on an even keel.

MURIEL SEGAL.

Farmers still want holiday helpers. The attractions include fresh air, companionship, simple food but plenty of it and, not the least, a wage-packet at the end

Short of Companionship

Shared activity solves one of the problems of a holiday alone. For instance, a country riding school brings contact with other enthusiasts

Short of Money

Make it a camping holiday if you have youth and stamina. It is probably one of the healthiest of all

Short of Time

Flying there makes it easy. A short holiday has no limitations of distance if you take a plane. British European Airways photograph

Short of Energy

Be an armchair traveller on a coach tour. See all those distant places with a courier to take the tedious responsibilities of travel off your hands. Photo Blue Cars

Short of Sunshine

For sun-starved Northerners. The Côte d'Azur, South Brittany, Spain, Southern Italy, offer quiet sun-drenched beaches off the beaten track where the cost of living is still within average means and where just basking in the sun is the least costly of pastimes

Knitted And Embroidered

MATERIALS: 6 oz. Lister's Lavenda 3-ply in white; odd balls in red, blue, green, gold, mauve, pink and yellow for embroidery; knitting needles No. 10 and No. 12.

MEASUREMENTS: Length from the shoulder, 19½ ins.; width round at underarm, 34 ins.; sleeve seam, 6 ins.

TENSION: 7½ sts. to the in. measured over st.st., worked with No. 10 needles.

THE BACK

Using No. 12 needles cast on 117 sts. and work in k. 1, p. 1, for 3½ ins. Change to No. 10 needles and patt. thus :

1st row (right side of work).—K. 5, (p. 3, k. 10) to last 8 sts., p. 3, k. 5.

2nd row.—P. 5, (k. 3, p. 10) to last 8 sts., k. 3, p. 5. Continue in patt. as on the last 2 rows inc. at each end of every 8th row 8 times (133 sts.). (Keeping all extra sts. in st.st.)

Continue straight until work measures 12½ ins. from the cast-on edge, then shape armholes by casting off 7 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows and dec. at each end of the following 6 rows (107 sts.).

Work 10 more rows of patt., then change to k. 1, p. 1, rib until work measures 19 ins. from the cast-on edge. Shape shoulders by casting off 9 sts. at the beg. of the next 8 rows. Cast off remaining sts.

THE FRONT

Work welt as for back. Change to No. 10 needles and patt. thus :

1st row (right side of work).—K. 5, (p. 3, k. 10) 3 times, p. 3, k. 23, (p. 3, k. 10) 3 times, p. 3, k. 5.

2nd row.—P. 5, (k. 3, *(Continued on page 76)*

ABBREVIATIONS.—K. = knit ; p. = purl ; sts. = stitches ; st.st. = stocking stitch (k. on right side, p. on reverse) ; inc. = increase or increasing ; dec. = decrease or decreasing ; patt. = pattern ; r. = red ; w. = white ; b. = blue ; rep. = repeat ; tog. = together ; ins. = inches.

It's Time To Knit A

Swim-Suit

MATERIALS: Of Sirdar Majestic Wool, 3-ply, 3 oz. in red, 2 oz. in white and 1 oz. in blue; 1 pair of No. 12 knitting needles; 2½ yards of red wool braid; 1 button; ¾ yard thin round elastic for top of brassière.

MEASUREMENTS: *Pants*—Hips, 32 ins., stretching to fit 38 ins.; side edge, 9 ins.; front to crutch fold, 13 ins.; back, 14½ ins. *Bra Top.*—Greatest depth, 5½ ins.; to fit 34-in. bust.

TENSION: 9 sts. and 11 rows to 1 in.

THE PANTS

Begin at front waist. With r. wool, cast on 104 sts. Don't work into back of sts. on first row. Work 20 rows in st.st. Fold in half lengthwise, purl sides inwards, and k. every st. on needle tog. with the corresponding st. of cast-on edge, to make hem. On the next (p.) row inc. into every 4th st. (130).

Continue in st.st., but now work in patt. thus :

1st and 2nd rows.—2 r., (2 w., 2 r.) to end.

3rd and 4th rows.—All w.

5th and 6th rows.—2 b., (2 w., 2 b.) to end.

7th and 8th rows.—All b.

9th and 10th rows.—As 5th and 6th rows.

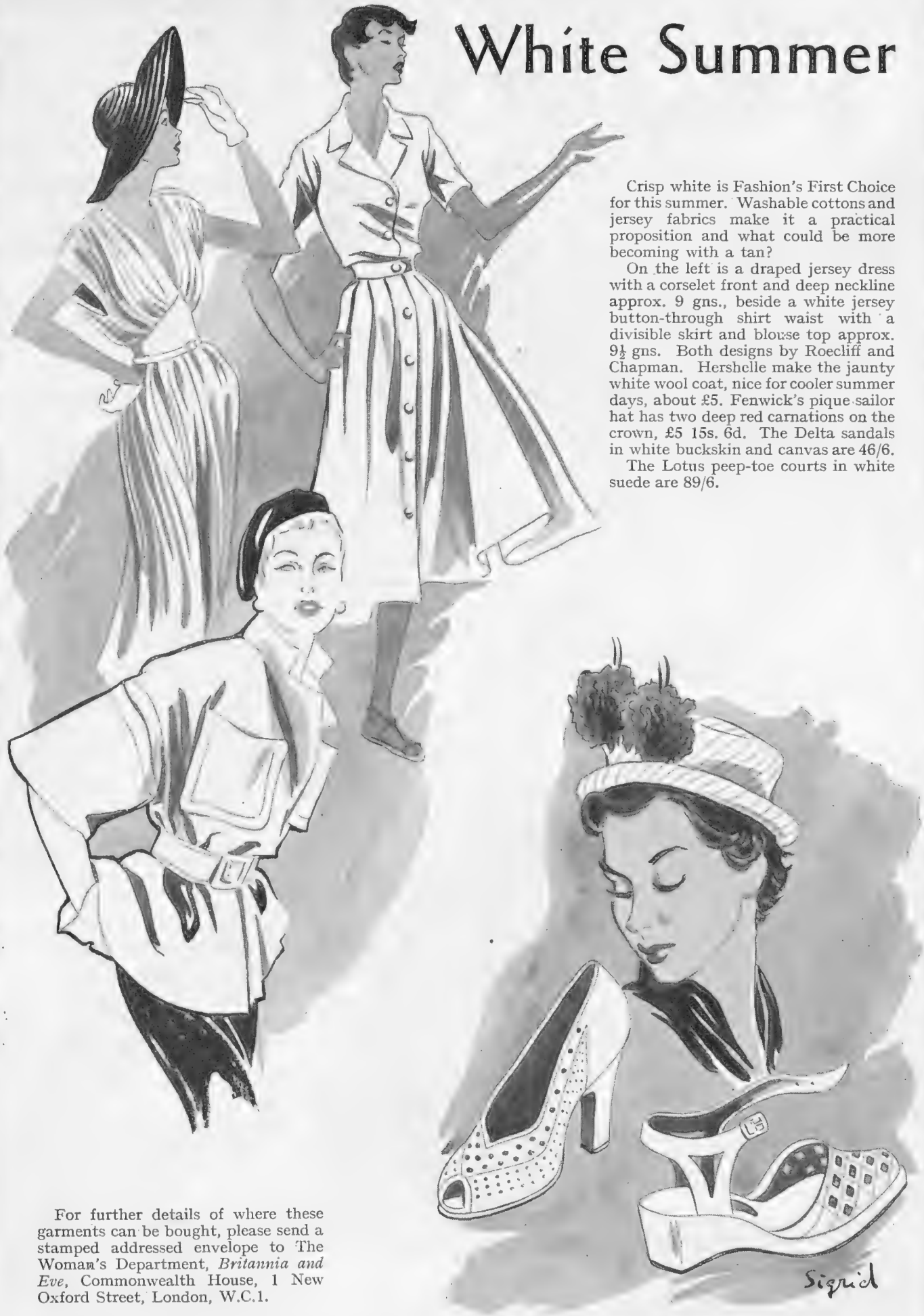
11th and 12th rows.—All w.

13th and 14th rows.—As 1st and 2nd rows.

15th and 16th rows.—All r. These 16 rows form patt.

Rep. them, inc. 1 st. at both ends of next and every 4th row following until 154 are on needle, bringing extra sts. into patt. as they come. Continue without further shaping until 80th patt. row has been done.

(Continued on page 76)

White Summer

Crisp white is Fashion's First Choice for this summer. Washable cottons and jersey fabrics make it a practical proposition and what could be more becoming with a tan?

On the left is a draped jersey dress with a corselet front and deep neckline approx. 9 gns., beside a white jersey button-through shirt waist with a divisible skirt and blouse top approx. 9½ gns. Both designs by Roecliff and Chapman. Hershelle make the jaunty white wool coat, nice for cooler summer days, about £5. Fenwick's pique sailor hat has two deep red carnations on the crown, £5 15s. 6d. The Delta sandals in white buckskin and canvas are 46/6.

The Lotus peep-toe courts in white suede are 89/6.

For further details of where these garments can be bought, please send a stamped addressed envelope to The Woman's Department, *Britannia and Eve*, Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1.

Get To The Back Of It

THE days of the Victorian backboard when the long-suffering young ladies of that age spent a part of every day lying on a board to improve their deportment are happily gone, yet the upright carriage which was then thought to be so important a feminine asset is largely gone with them.

The backache of which we hear so much to-day is very largely attributable to incorrect posture.

Tall women are particularly prone to backache, yet by "standing tall" as the Americans describe it, improved muscular control will assist you to walk further and stand longer without that breaking feeling in the sensitive small of the back.

Test your stance this way: Stand with the small of the back pressed aaginst the wall. Hold the head up and the shoulders down with the chest raised and the stomach muscles contracted. If there is still a wide gap between the small of your back and the wall your posture needs correction. Use this test every morning, note the new posture which brings the back nearer to the surface of the wall and endeavour to hold it as you walk.

It will be a strain at first, but as the muscles become stronger through use you will find yourself doing it naturally and your ability to walk and stand without fatigue will gradually increase.

Housework invites backache because working surfaces are so often set at a level unsuitable to your height. Try to correct this where possible. For instance put wood blocks under the legs of the ironing board to raise it to an easier working level. Do the same with the kitchen table and, where practicable, to any working surface which has formerly caught you bending.

In all the bending movements which are inevitable as you work around the home *use* your back muscles. Contract the stomach muscles and bend *from the waist.* In any movements which involve swinging the arms, watch that the body swings in rhythm. A rigid body and swinging arms put an unnatural strain upon the back muscles.

Improved muscular control of the abdomen will bring almost instant relief to strained back muscles. Watch your posture for that slack position which throws the abdomen out and draws in the small of the back. Sit straight and walk straight. Bending as you walk or sit slackens the hip and abdomen muscles and puts entirely upon the legs the strain which should be evenly distributed over trunk muscles.

Fatigue inevitably leads to poor posture. When tired we are more apt to slump. Relax completely in a chair or on your back if only for five minutes when the opportunity presents throughout the day and it will be easier to return to a well-braced posture.

If you are a business woman, slumping over a desk for long hours, or typing with tensed shoulders will promote backache. High, narrow heels for walking; sling-back shoes which put an unnatural strain upon the legs lead to muscular tension. No need to shun these things entirely, but use them with discretion. When you are obliged to be on your feet for hours together wear a well supported shoe.

Muscular tension is part and parcel of emotional tension. Highly strung types are often quite literally "tied in knots." Relaxation of the mind is as essential as relaxation of the body, and a lessening of emotional tension frequently leads to the recapture of the muscular elasticity which banishes aches and pains.

Health and Beauty by Chrysis

If you want help with your beauty problems, write to me at "Britannia & Eve," Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford Street, W.C.1, enclosing a stamped, addressed envelope

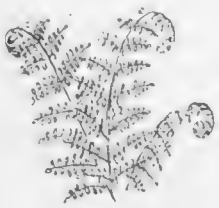
WHAT colour lipstick do you fancy, Madame? The range is unlimited. There is a shade for everyone, for every occasion, with a matching rouge.

Study your skin before choosing your lipstick. Dry skinned types need a creamy lipstick; oily skinned types should choose a lipstick that doesn't run and spoil the contours of the lips. Nevertheless, a certain creaminess is essential to offset dryness.

Peggy Sage has produced a lipstick in a glamour case of moiré which fits inside a little gilt box, and will tuck easily into even the smallest evening

BATHING is one of the pleasant things of life that is also as good for health as it is soothing or stimulating according to whether you habitally take your daily plunge hot or cold.

Your daily bath can be a chore or a morale booster and a beauty treatment par excellence. Do you make a ritual of it, or are you a casual bather? One of those who take a quick plunge, disregardful of the niceties of bath time?



The decision between a quick morning bath, or a lazy bedtime affair is, of course, a matter of taste and personal convenience, but there is a lot to be said for the nightly bath. After a long day, a plunge into hot scented water is a soothing and relaxing thing. It has a mildly enervating effect which induces sleep. For busy people it allows time to apply nourishing cream to the face when the pores are open and receptive from exposure to steam. A leisured soaking brings poisonous deposits to the surface of the skin and puts you to bed refreshed and "smoothed out."

There are hot medicinal baths for the home treatment of minor ailments. A threatened cold will often disappear after a mustard bath. Plain Epsom salts in the bath-water is often commended by doctors for muscular rheumatism and when muscles stiffen after some unusual physical effort a handful of common salt will ease discomfort.

But for sheer pleasure, perfumed bath salts have no equal. Cosmeticians offer such a selection of them that it is difficult to make a choice, but most women are guided by a fondness for some particular fragrance and there are bath essences, salts, and toilet waters which link their fragrance with nearly every favourite perfume offered.

If you take a morning bath—and this is hard council—steel yourself to a cold sponge down before you dry. If this leaves

handbag. Colours range from heartbreak pink to brilliant red. There is a nail varnish to match each lip colour.

Of interest to those with an inelastic purse and a wardrobe of different colours are the pocket lipsticks, made by Hudnut, price 3s. 11d. each. Their latest, pastel pink, is good for young lips.

A lipstick made to the latest French formula for lip bases comes from another house. It is smooth, creamy, easy to apply and is long lasting. The new colour, Red Glory, teams particularly well with the classic favourites: beige, navy, black, white or light brown.

Beauty in the Bath

you gasping, so much the better. Hot baths tend to slow down the circulation and open the pores of the skin. Cold water will whip up the blood again and close the pores against chill. The tingling glow which follows is not only pleasant as a sensation, but it will send you off to the days' work in good fettle. It is a splendid beauty treatment for the skin and brings a natural glow that no cosmetic colouring can match so well.

If you can condition yourself to a cold morning bath, so much the better. Start with warm water if you are sensitive to cold. Take your bath a little colder every day until you can take to fresh cold water with enjoyment. Use a rough towel to rub down and watch for the slow but steady improvement in your circulation that will surely follow and for the bright-eyed look which a healthy and vigorous blood-flow brings.

The word "bath" has many interpretations to-day. There are baths for slimming, baths for the treatment of rheumatism and its kindred complaints and baths just for beauty. Most of these are taken at clinics or beauty salons.

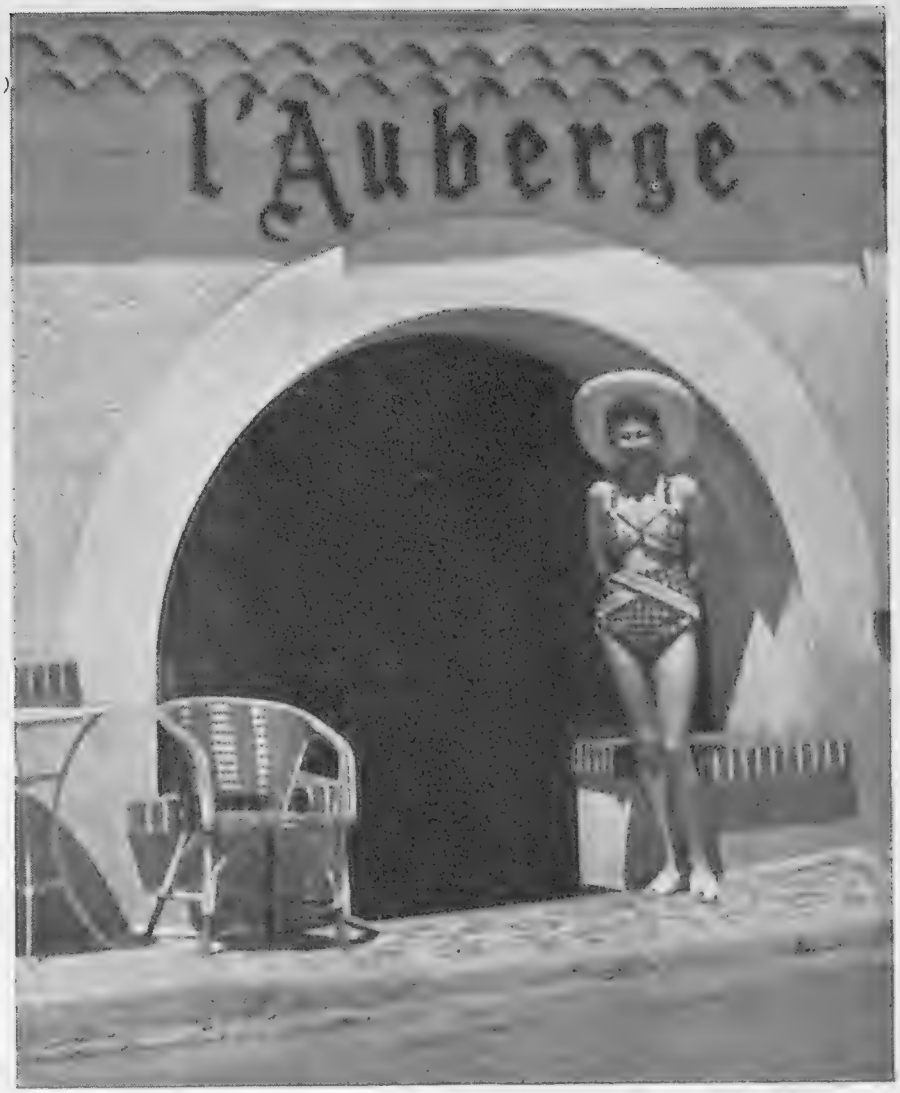
How would you like to take a foam bath, for instance? Not cold, but deliciously hot foam that covers the body like a sheet of snow? These are for slimming and they do, in fact work. An hour in the foam bath is followed by an expert massage.

Foam baths cost twelve and sixpence, or one pound five and sixpence with massage to follow.

Wax baths are also used for slimming and for certain rheumatic conditions. Hot medicinal wax is smoothed over the body and left to set. The wax is then removed and followed with massage.

Three Squares Make A Sun-Suit

This chic sun-suit was evolved from three cotton handkerchiefs literally in a few minutes. This particular design is for the petite, but the basic idea can be adapted for larger measurements



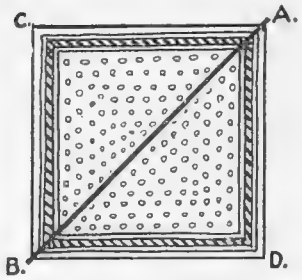


Fig. 1

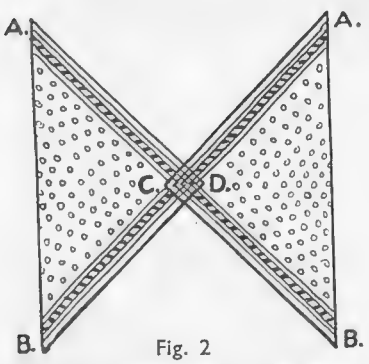


Fig. 2
The square assembled for the pants

THE materials required are three cotton squares size 21 to 23 ins. or larger if required. Red and white spotted men's handkerchiefs were used in the original, but any printed cotton fabric cut to the required size could be used.

To make up, cut each square in two diagonally and hem the raw edges (Fig. 1).

Take the two halves of the first square and sew together the points C and D at right angles, with a two-inch overlap (Fig. 2). This makes the basis of the panties.

Sew the two halves of the second square together in the same way, but this time decrease the angle at one side and increase it on the other (Fig. 3). This makes the bra.

The two halves of the remaining square are left as they are.

To Don The Sun-Suit

Take the square sewn as Fig 2 and tie AA and BB at hips to form briefs. Take the first of the two unsewn triangles and tie the longest side (AB) round the waist with knot on left-hand side and apex pointing down the right thigh (Fig. 6). Do the same with the second triangle, tying on right side with apex pointing down the left thigh.

The Bra

The ends AA are tied round the neck and BB round the waist. To improve the fit, catch in the shoulder straps with a bow of ribbon (Fig. 4).

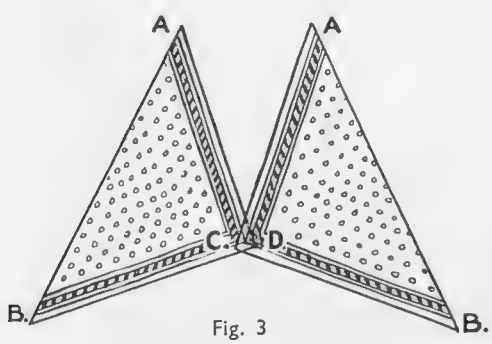


Fig. 3
The square assembled for the bra

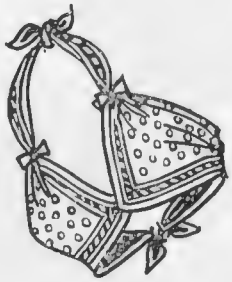


Fig. 4

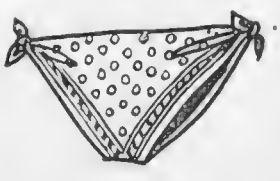


Fig. 5

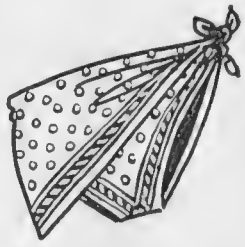


Fig. 6

Month Of Roses

IS any flower more endearing than the rose, or so versatile? From the earliest times, it has provided a recurrent theme of decoration. As far as records can be traced it is discovered blooming on wallpapers and festooning itself on fabrics. Roses and rosebuds have been the motif of unnumbered yards of embroidery since embroidery began; china and carpets have forever blossomed with the rose. It is the most commonplace of flowers yet the most loved.

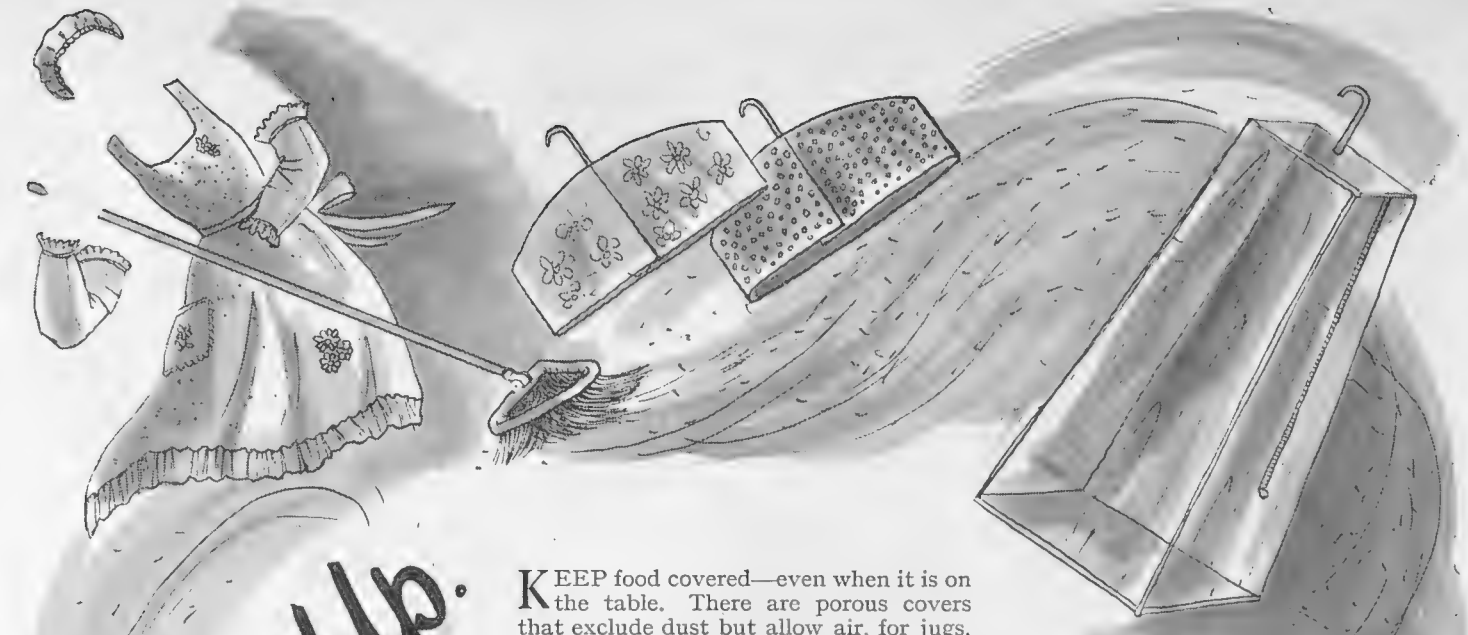
In this their own month cut roses will bring unmatched colour and fragrance to the home. Use the long stemmed beauties in slender vases, the short-stemmed shaggier varieties in shallow bowls. Cut them early in the day with a sharp bladed knife and place your completed arrangements away from hot sunshine.

For a shallow bowl cut shorter stems for arranging round the rim, graduated lengths inside and a few taller ones of unequal height to achieve a pyramid in the centre.

LADY SYLVIA is the loveliest of roses for decoration. A long-stemmed variety with an exquisitely symmetrical bloom of delicate pink. Two or three of this fragrant species in a slender vase have an unmatched elegance. Make a charming gesture to a guest with a fresh cut rose on a breakfast tray. This one is set with rosebud patterned china. Silver accessories by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company. Tray and linen by Selfridges

Dust Up

Dust isn't seasonal, but sunshine shows it up. Margaret Stevenson gives some hints on waging a winning war against dust indoors



KEEP food covered—even when it is on the table. There are porous covers that exclude dust but allow air, for jugs, bowls and basins. For solids, there is a wide choice of containers—the plastic variety are very inexpensive and easily kept spotless. Fix a curtain of fine gauze or muslin over the pantry window during the summer months, so that it can be opened without fear of letting in too much dust. Keep a dozen little pantry-cloths of fine muslin with which to cover over salads or meat frames.

LOOK out for dust traps. Examination of a room may show that dust collects heavily at certain spots—often, for instance, upon a mantelpiece through a badly fitting fireplace. Dust can drift in at floor level, where there is a gap between floorboards and wall skirting. Where this is the case, it is well worth having the matter attended to.

Radiators and ventilators are often particular offenders in harbouring dust not visible at a casual glance, and both need regular attention with this in mind.

If there is a domestic boiler in the kitchen, empty the ashes night and morning, and when raking the boiler keep the protective shutter as fully in place as possible.

HEAVY coconut mats placed by an outer door are often dust traps in disguise. They need a bi-weekly beating or shaking, otherwise dust is apt to penetrate and gradually work through.

THOSE of us who live in a town, find open bookshelves need special attention. Once a month, books should be taken out and individually dusted. Use either the blowing accessory on an electric cleaner, or a feather brush followed by a duster. The shelves themselves are best cleaned with a cloth dampened with a little good furniture cream, and then polished.

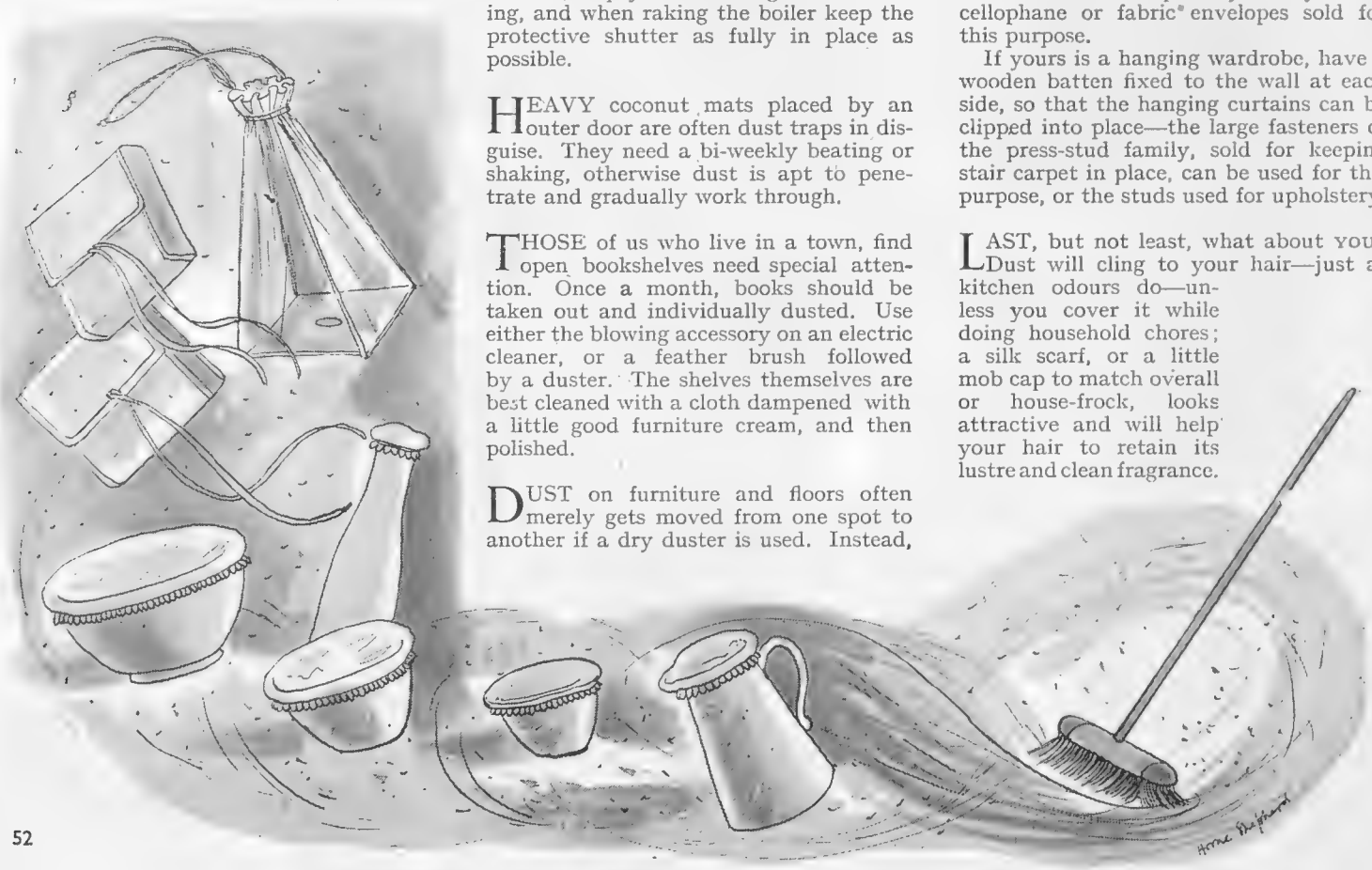
DUST on furniture and floors often merely gets moved from one spot to another if a dry duster is used. Instead, use one wrung out well in warm vinegar and water first, and then follow up with a polish over with a dry duster.

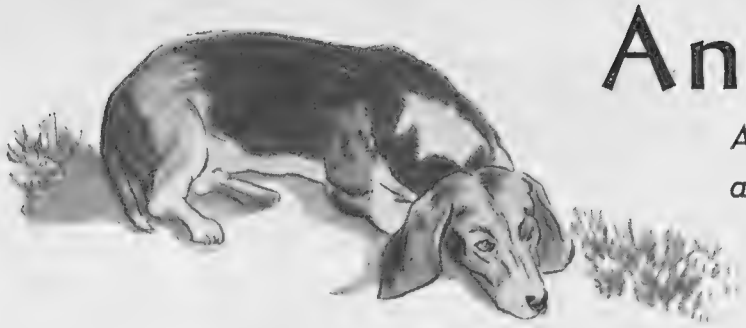
NOW we come to clothes. To put them away in a wardrobe isn't enough. Use shoulder protectors for garments worn every day, and invest in one or two of the full-length envelope-bag type of protector, into which a garment can be put completely, for anything particularly fragile or precious.

It is disheartening, but true, that dust (like moth) somehow manages to invade even a tightly shut drawer, so keep any garments which are being stored for future use or are especially dainty in the cellophane or fabric envelopes sold for this purpose.

If yours is a hanging wardrobe, have a wooden batten fixed to the wall at each side, so that the hanging curtains can be clipped into place—the large fasteners of the press-stud family, sold for keeping stair carpet in place, can be used for this purpose, or the studs used for upholstery.

LAST, but not least, what about YOU? Dust will cling to your hair—just as kitchen odours do—unless you cover it while doing household chores; a silk scarf, or a little mob cap to match overall or house-frock, looks attractive and will help your hair to retain its lustre and clean fragrance.





Animal Sense

A dog expert on the Summer ailments of the canine world

WITH the summer months ahead, the doggy population will be on the move, both on the lead and off. Imagine only one disease carrier or one sick dog in every hundred and it is easy to see why canine infections are more common in summer than in winter.

Fear of infection, however, is no excuse for cutting down on your dog's quota of exercise. The best protection against illness is to build up a natural resistance to disease. This means keeping the dog in tip top condition all the time. Give him as much exercise as his breed demands, not of course in the heat of the day when neither of you will enjoy it. Let him off the lead as much as you can and don't stop him eating grass which is a natural conditioner.

Feed him during the hot spells on meat and grated raw vegetables. Don't leave uneaten remnants of food around to be visited by flies which are primary infection carriers, and change the drinking water frequently.

On the subject of drinking water, there is no surer way of passing on infection, in my opinion, than through the medium of communal water troughs and bowls. If you are going for a long walk and the way will be thirsty, take his bowl along with you and get it filled for him when you stop for refreshment yourself.

Get into the habit of checking over the dog at the daily grooming time, for as with human beings, early diagnosis and treatment of sickness are half the battle. Look out for the common summer complaints such as ear troubles and skin diseases caused by the hot dusty conditions. Dogs, particularly the long haired breeds, exercised on grass, should have their coats examined for spiked grass seeds which penetrate the skin and set up a septic condition.

These milder troubles of the hot weather usually yield to commonsense treatment, but if the symptoms persist, they may be a premonitory warning of a more serious complaint, so call in the vet. Don't take your dog to the surgery unless you are forced to, because the case before you may be dripping with distemper or hard pad and you run a grave risk of infection.

AS a dog breeder, I strongly advise immunization against distemper. Immunity can exist naturally but alas! in so few cases. Immunization against distemper will save him from this disease and also probably help him to combat the nightmare of para distemper (hard pad).

It should be understood that in "hard pad," which has had so much publicity recently, the hardening of the pads does not show until the disease is well advanced and in certain cases does not even occur at all. Because of the insidious onset and differing symptoms of para distemper, diagnosis is most difficult, but it is no longer the 100 per cent fatality it used to be.

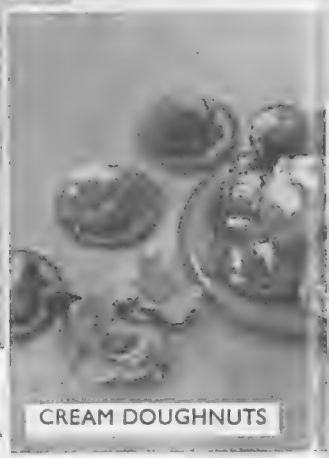
Disappointments do occasionally occur in distemper innoculation or in the use of hard pad serum, but the successes far outnumber the failures, so even at this stage it is far better than nothing. Soon it is hoped that both an effective preventative and cure will be discovered.

As yet there is no permanent immunization against para distemper. There is, however, a serum which gives temporary protection. If at any time your dog comes into close contact with known hard pad, have him injected immediately.

IF you decide to have your dog immunized against distemper, go to no other than a qualified veterinary surgeon. Should you have reason to believe that the dog has been in contact with either distemper or hard pad, or if there have been any signs of his being off colour, it is most important to notify the vet of the facts. In certain cases, the vet will delay the immunization until after the danger period is passed.

ALICE KEMP.

ROULI-ROULA



CREAM DOUGHNUTS

Picnic Meals

THE time has come for meals out of doors, so here are some recipes which will introduce novelty to the picnic basket.

SARDINE EGGS

Hard boil and shell number of eggs required. Take contents of a tin of sardines or brisling. Remove backbones and tails. Cream with a little left-over mashed potato and grated cheese, mixing in just enough mayonnaise to make a stiff, sticky mixture, similar to sausage meat—season. Flour your hands and press a coating of the mixture round the eggs. Dip in egg or milk, coat in brown crumbs; fry till golden brown all over. Use cold; cut in half and lay each on a crisp lettuce leaf.

CHAUDFROID CUTLETS

Take a little left-over meat, sausage or rabbit, and put through mincer together with about 2 oz. cooked bacon. Mix in a few left-over fresh vegetables such as peas, beans or carrots, a cupful of breadcrumbs, a tablespoonful of chopped parsley and a dessertspoonful of chutney. Season and if too stiff moisten with a little sauce, thick gravy or soup. Shape into cutlets, coat with flour and fry for a few minutes. Leave to cool. Now coat with chaudfroid sauce, made as follows :

Make ½ a pint of white or tomato sauce and stir in 2 tablespoonfuls of aspic jelly. Garnish the cutlets with truffles or stuffed olives and snips of cucumber, and a border of tiny sprigs of parsley.

LOBSTER COCKTAILS

Ingredients: 1 tin lobster; 1 pint white sauce; cochineal; 1 lemon; seasoning; ¾ oz. gelatine

Prepare white sauce with milk and liquor from lobster. Season and colour a pretty pink with a few drops of cochineal; add juice of lemon and grated rind. Dissolve gelatine in a little hot water and mix into sauce. Add lobster flaked. Mix well and fill little waxed paper cases. Leave to set. Garnish with lemon butterflies and snips of cucumber.

LITTLE FRUIT SOUFFLES

Ingredients: 1½ gills evaporated milk; 2 or 3 macaroon biscuits; 2 egg whites; tablespoonful sherry; ½ oz. gelatine; tablespoonful sugar; ½ cupful fruit purée.

Crush macaroons and mix with purée made from any fresh fruit; add sherry and sugar. Dissolve gelatine in a little hot water; add to evaporated milk and when just beginning to set whisk till stiff. Stir lightly into mixture. Whisk egg whites and fold into mixture. Fill paper cases, and decorate. Leave to set.

Finally one suggestion for a drink :

GINGER ALE SHERBET

Mix together equal parts of ginger ale, lemon squash and water. To each pint add a dessertspoonful of gelatine powder, dissolved with sugar to taste. Stir into liquid. When cold, whip well. Use as cold as possible.

GINGER ALE SHERBET

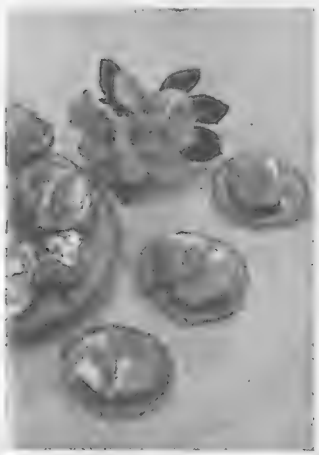
French Pastries

NOW that some ingredients are in better supply, it is possible, once again, to make French pastries. To begin with there are :

TOURTES AUX FRUITS

Ingredients: 1 pint strawberries (or other fruits such as stoned cherries, currants, raspberries, backberries or snips of apple cut wafer-thin); ¾ lb. flaky pastry; cupful of fruit juice glaze.

Roll out pastry about ¼-in. thick. Line tartlet shells with pastry. If apple or pears are used the slices should overlap prettily. Fill with small, fresh fruits or chopped fruit, sprinkle with sugar. Make a latticed top with thin strips of pastry. Bake in moderate oven about 15 minutes till pastry is light, crisp and light brown. Fruit should still be in shape surrounded with a little syrup which has formed during cooking. (Prepare a glaze by well reducing fruit juice to which about 3 oz. sugar has been added, glaze all over the tarts with the hot syrup.) An apricot glaze adds to their flavour. This syrup is made with a tablespoonful of apricot jam and water and a teaspoonful of cornflour instead of fruit juice.



CREAM DOUGHNUTS

Ingredients: 2 gills water; 2 eggs; ½ teaspoonful salt; 1½ oz. butter; 2 oz. flour; 1 oz. margarine for greasing.

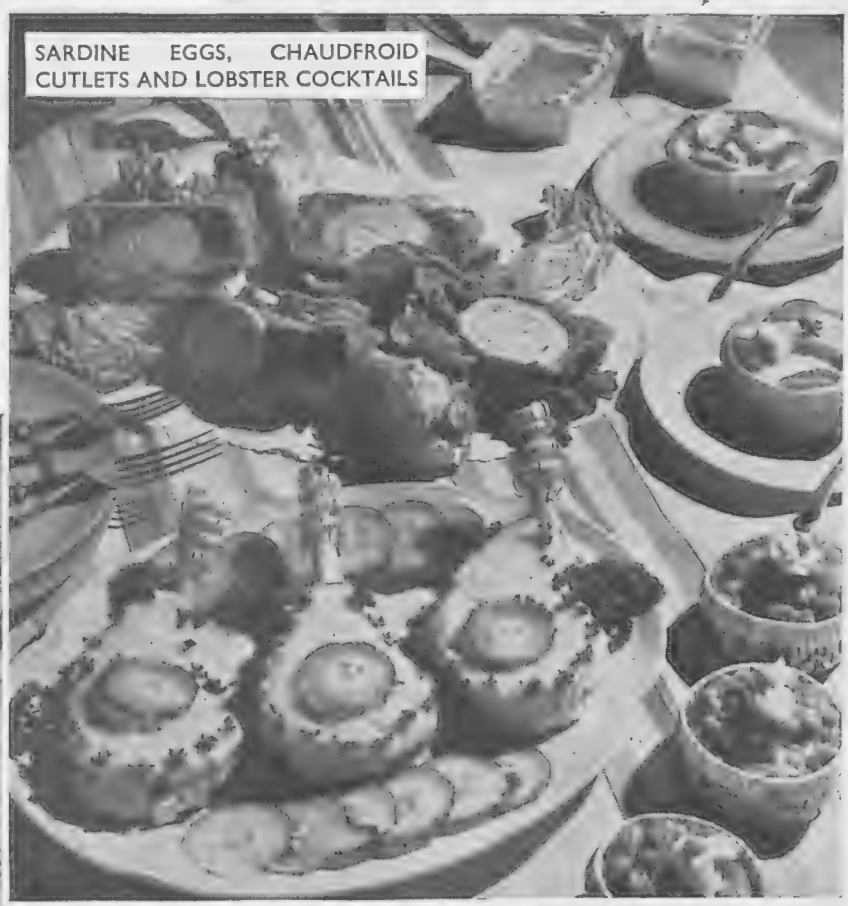
For Cream: ½ pint milk; 1 oz. custard powder; 2 oz. sugar; vanilla essence; icing sugar.

Put water, salt and butter into a pan and bring to boil. Stir in the flour to a stiff consistency. Take pan away from heat and add the beaten eggs, one at a time. Mix well. Grease a thick pan well, make balls of the dough and place in pan, allow to cook for ¾ hour on a very low gas. A lid must be on the pan, and should not be lifted at all during the ¾-hour cooking. For the filling of cream mix the custard with a little of the milk, bring the remaining milk almost to the boil. Take the milk off the heat, stir in the custard, keep stirring to ensure there are no lumps, replace on heat, stirring till mixture is very thick. Add sugar and vanilla. Stir in sugar well and allow to cool. After the ¾ hour lift out the doughnuts and set on a tray to cool. They should be very light. When doughnuts and cream are cold, split the doughnuts, fill with cream and sprinkle with icing sugar. When not being used immediately, do not sprinkle with icing sugar. Do this just before serving.

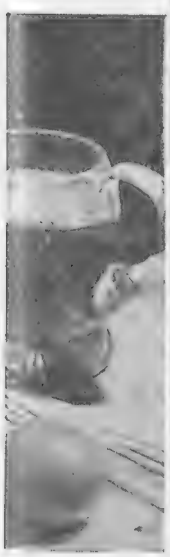
ROULI-ROULA

Ingredients: 2 lb. self-raising flour; 2½ cupsful milk; ¼ teaspoonful salt; 4 oz. sugar; 2 oz. butter; ½ lb. red jam; icing sugar.

Sift flour, salt and sugar in a basin. Add butter and cut up. Knead to a dough, adding cold milk. Roll out on a floured board. Grease a baking-tin. Cut out a round, fitting exactly on bottom of tin. Put in (*Continued on page 76*)



SARDINE EGGS, CHAUDFROID CUTLETS AND LOBSTER COCKTAILS



Cold Consommé

JELLIED soup makes a pleasant substitute to hot soups in the summer, especially for out-of-door meals. For its preparation you need rich stock from bones or good jelly will not result. Allow about 1 lb. of bones to a quart of water. Veal and calves feet are good, or beef and shank bone of mutton if given long cooking. Break the bones as much as possible, cover with 2 quarts of water, add salt, 3 or 4 carrots, cleaned and sliced, 2 onions, 4 cloves, 4 peppercorns, bunch of herbs and a bay leaf.

Bring slowly to the boil, removing any scum as it rises. Scum can be helped to rise by sprinkling in a few drops of cold water when stock is almost boiling. Simmer gently 5 or 6 hours or till stock is reduced by about half. Strain through muslin. A glass of sherry added to cold soup gives a delicious flavour. Season to taste.

When the soup is quite cold, dip a spoon in boiling water and remove all fat possible, and before serving take a cloth wrung out in very hot water and dab over jelly to collect fat particles. Other vegetables or lemon juice can be introduced according to taste.

Would you put it in writing?

By Laurel Pascal

WELL—would you? Those acid remarks about your nearest and dearest—those witty innuendos about your closest friend?

Gossip is a lure that few women (or men) can resist. One little dig leads to another. Even in the process of debunking our victim we have a guilty feeling. Was she truly the *femme fatale* of the tennis club? Could she really have been old enough to know better while you were still a babe in arms?

The whole point about gossip is exaggeration—even fabrication. The idea of putting our flights of fancy in writing would dry up the founts of inspiration with the speed of light.

It's the cheerful fire, the toasting knees, the libidinous influence of tea and crumpets—or that one pink gin too many that condition the female gossip to let down her back hair. Her male counterpart is more likely to find his fatal stimulus in a good dinner, a rich cigar, that second bottle of crusted port.

Once begun, a gossip party like a petting party, follows the conventional pattern. The earnest professions of affection for the victim; the ever-hopeful bromide—*Of course I know you won't let it go any farther.* . . . When all the while you both know that only a permanent gag or a fatal crossing of the lights when they are red can stop the good news spreading like a forest fire.

The glad cry of the confirmed gossip: "I'm full of news and all of it bad," throws a truthful if unbecoming light on human nature. For it is so much less hurtful to our ego to commiserate over a friend's bad luck than to rejoice when he wins a football pool or writes a best-seller. So much more cosy to believe that the man next door chews betel nut and beats his wife, than that he has a passion for cocoa, but otherwise leads a blameless life.

THE Americans have a different attitude to printed gossip. Safe from the threat of libel actions, columnists get rich on rumours of approaching storks; imminent divorces; Hollywood heartbreaks.

Over here the acknowledged gossip has a bad name. Villages are full of them. Lace curtains quiver, the barbed tongue wags and yet another village maiden is all set on the primrose path. Sometimes these rabid addicts do put it in writing in the form of anonymous letters. Their fate should be a warning to us all. If they don't land up in prison they are popped away in other places of retreat, or they land up in West End plays in an atmosphere of arsenic and old lace.

FORTUNATELY for us, Samuel Pepys, that inveterate and shameless gossip, broke the golden rule and put in writing everything that entered his head. Had his secret diaries been published during his lifetime he might have gone to Charing Cross not to see—"Major-General Harrison hanged, drawn and quartered; which was done there, he looking as cheerful as any man could do in that condition"—but himself to play the leading rôle.

Listen to him committing it to paper after a social evening:

"Went to hear Mrs. Turner's daughter play on the harpsichon; but, lord! it was enough to make any man sick to hear her; yet was I forced to commend her highly."

Would you put it in writing?

Would you gaily prattle away if you knew a hidden "mike" was busily recording all that you and Sylvia had to say about your mutual friend Sally? . . . "And, my dear—when she went to Le Touquet last year she actually. . . ."

Well, did she really *actually*—I mean—were you there to see her doing it?

Could you face up to prosecuting counsel with proofs?

Much safer cosily to tear her reputation to pieces, in private.

Even while the savage task goes on your accomplice thinks—*If this is what she says about Sally . . . what does she say about me?* What, indeed?

A good reason, next time we get the itch to gossip, to ask ourselves: Would I put this in writing? Would you? I'll bet you wouldn't!

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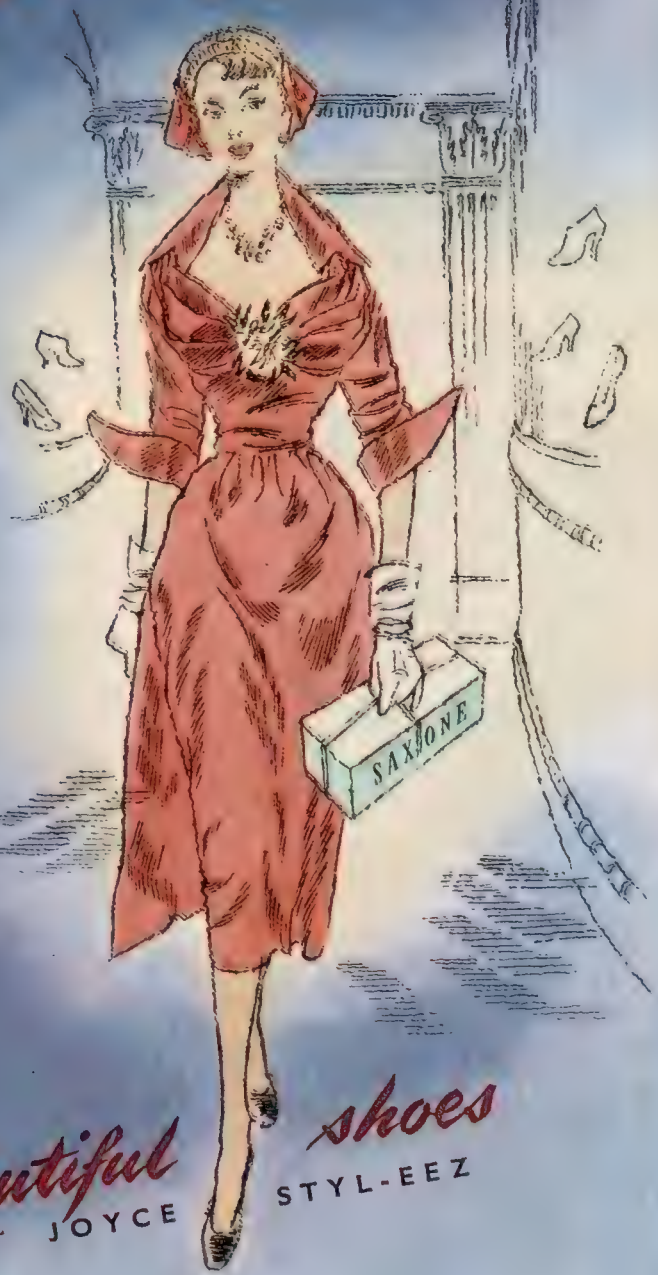

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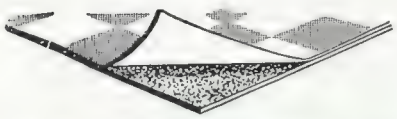

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Hunting Meteors

(*Continued from page 28*)

an extent that they are consumed and only reach the earth as particles of fine dust. At least, that is the fate of all save a very small percentage which do happen to get through.

Obviously it would be most unwise to go wandering about in space without knowing something about these millions of meteors. Dr. Porter has made a simple mechanical apparatus for the quick computation of the pathlengths and heights of meteors. Most of the observation, however, is being done by amateur astronomers who, contrary to the general impression, do not rely on telescopes.

On a clear night there are many opportunities for detecting the presence of these celestial visitors. Two observers stationed say thirty to fifty miles apart provide a good base line from which the same happening can be watched and permits of the subsequent working out of the pathlength, the height and the velocity. In the past meteors have been traced by a line of observers from the north of Scotland to Italy. Another fiery streak was known to stretch more than five thousand miles across the sky.

The number of amateur astronomers has greatly increased in recent years. Membership of the British Astronomical Association, which was about 700 before the war, has gone up to more than 2,000. The dark nights of the war had much to do with this, for many people became fascinated by their study of the stars. Dr. Porter would like to see the number now engaged on the systematic observation of meteors considerably enlarged. "It is a hobby," he says, "which entails some sacrifice, but it is, at least as rewarding as bird-watching."

Although the existence of meteors was known from very early times there has been no systematic study of them till recently. As a result there is much misconception as to their character and the conditions under which they come to the earth. Many took them to be comets which they are not. True neither is the belief that meteors are bits that have broken away from a comet. Meteors, unlike comets, have their own orbit in the solar system.

So far we have definite records of 475 of these strange missiles having been seen to fall to the earth. One fell in a field in Perthshire in December, 1917. It weighed over twenty-two pounds. A specimen preserved in the Natural History Museum in South Kensington turns the scale at eight pounds. This fell in Shropshire, on April 20, 1876, and is composed of pure iron, with its outer surface beautifully glazed as a result of the terrific heat engendered as it passed through the earth's atmosphere. No two meteors would appear to have the same composition. Generally speaking, however, they are mostly composed of iron, nickel and the rarer metals; microscopic diamonds and gold are sometimes found in them.

One striking fact in connection with meteors is the comparatively small damage so far recorded as having been done by them. This, however, would appear to be due more to sheer luck than to anything else. There is really no reason why a large meteor should not fall in the heart of London, when, of course, the result would be disastrous. As a matter of fact, one did fall some time back on the village of Ensisheim, in Alsace, setting it on fire. Another fell in China upon ten men and all were killed.

Meteors have frequently been seen by sailors to fall into the sea, and on more than one occasion ships have narrowly escaped being struck by them. One of the closest shaves of the kind was reported by the captain of the Cunard liner *Campania* on his arrival at Queenstown from New York some time back. In November, 1905, another British sea captain reported that his ship had narrowly escaped destruction while on a voyage from New Orleans to Liverpool by an immense meteor which descended without warning in perfectly calm weather from the void overhead, and plunged, hissing hot, into the ocean only a few yards ahead of the vessel's bows.

The largest known meteor is the Ahnighito, an Eskimo word for "tent," which Rear-Admiral Peary brought back from Greenland in 1894 and is now in a museum in New York. It is 11½ feet long by 7½ feet wide and 3½ feet thick, and weighs 37½ tons. Over 91 per cent of this mass is pure iron.

An enormous meteor lies near Groofontein, in South-West Africa. It measures ten feet by ten feet by four feet and weighs about seventy tons. When it struck the earth the impact must have been terrific, for it made a deep hole in the limestone rock on which it fell.

Sometimes a veritable shower of meteors strike the earth at the same time. This happened in 1908 near Kansk in Northern Siberia, where an area of several miles looked as though it had been subjected to a bombardment by heavy artillery. Millions of trees were destroyed and craters, like war-time shell-holes, up to 150 feet in diameter and twelve feet in depth, were formed in the ground. Kansk is a very isolated region and no one saw the actual fall of the meteors, but the roar was heard 400 miles away. The accompanying air wave was recorded as far away as Cambridge although at the time its cause and origin were unknown.

Out in the Arizona desert, some twenty miles from the little town of Winslow, is an enormous circular depression, known to-day as Meteor Crater. It is the grave of a monster projectile that struck this earth in the distant past. Some idea of the size of the vast bowl may be gauged when it is stated that it is two miles around the rim which is more than half a mile wide. Within a radius of seventy-five miles something like twenty tons of meteorites, large and small, have been picked up, which have gone a long way to enrich the museums of the world. They are undoubtedly portions which broke off from the main mass when it crashed into the earth.

END

Lid Off The Courts

(*Continued from page 15*)

Criminal Appeal. Its decisions are final, but in exceptional cases "special leave" can be given to carry the appeal to the Law Lords. These cases are not frequent. A recent one concerned a claim for damages in a libel action by a well-known woman film critic. She won her case against an American film company in the first instance, lost it on appeal by the defendants before the Court of Appeal, and this decision was finally confirmed by the Law Lords.

THE High Court's three divisions are deeply rooted in our history. The King's Bench derives its name from the fact that at one time the Sovereign sat on it, the court assembling at Westminster. It is concerned with those civil cases which do not fall within the province of the other two divisions, and the lower courts. The score or so of the judges of the King's Bench Division also act as criminal judiciaries. They are the "Red Judges" presiding in the scarlet robes at Assizes and Old Bailey. Among them are still some of the most interesting figures of Britain's judicial system. Their doyen is eighty-two year old Mr. Justice Humphreys, perhaps the greatest of all criminal judges we ever had. With the kindliest eye, greatest patience and old-world courtesy, he is also the gentlest. His memory is proverbial. One of the most famous summaries in legal history was Mr. Justice Humphreys's thirteen-hour summing up at the close of the thirty-two day fire conspiracy trial in 1935. Everyone in court appeared to be exhausted, some of the famous K.C.s frankly admitted that they were near a nervous breakdown. Only the judge was unruffled. He spoke more than 100,000 words, never (*Continued on page 61*)

THE FOUR-IN-HAND CLUB, HYDE PARK

Painted by James Pollard. *Aquatint by J. Harris.*

Published 1838 by Dean and Co., Threadneedle Street, London.

(By courtesy of the British Museum, W.C. 1.)

Fashions change, and today we view with fairly ironic amusement the sartorial extravagances of the Four-in-Hand Club. In one detail, however, Fashion has not wavered. Now, as then, tobacco heightens the pleasure of any social gathering, and the present generation, like the last, relies on Player's for complete enjoyment.

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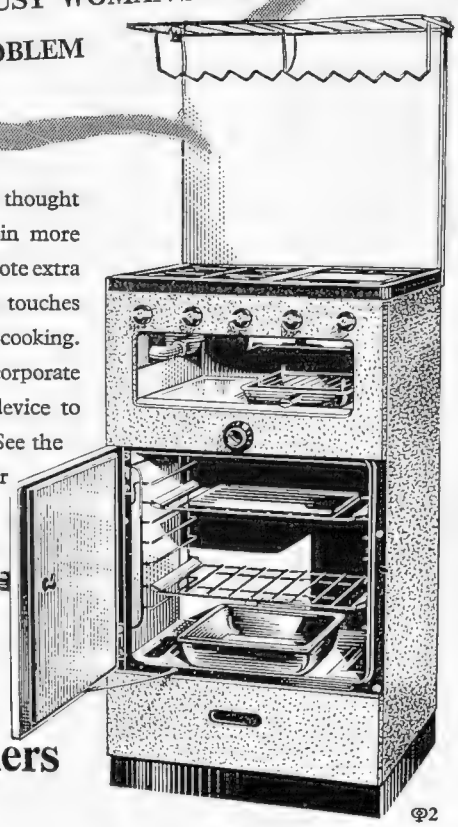

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faltering, and pronounced a judgment in one of the most intricate cases of its kind of all time that has become a textbook chapter.

Mr. Justice Humphreys lives in Ealing—the only suburbanite judge—and he can proudly watch his own career being carried on by his son, Christmas, who, after a distinguished interlude as Britain's leading prosecutor at the Tokyo trial of Japanese war criminals, was recently appointed senior counsel to the Director of Public Prosecutions. Another famous King's Bench judge, who figured in many a "cause célèbre" at the Old Bailey, was Mr. Justice Charles, who died last month. He was then seventy-six, but his Falstaffian figure belied his years. Over six feet in height, burly, ruddy-faced, he looked like a country squire. A hero of more anecdotes than any other judge, Charles was famous for his wit, and many of the stories are still told in legal circles.

I recall hearing him in an assault case some years ago, in which an elderly man had been knocked down, remarking: "I am seventy, but if a young chap tried to knock me about, I don't think I should be the one left on the floor. . . ." But he did not explain that he had been a skilful boxer in his younger days, and that his nose was twice broken in friendly bouts. He never missed a ringside seat at big boxing events. A confirmed bachelor, Mr. Justice Charles once remarked at a trial: "Nobody ever wanted to marry me. . . ." A few weeks later, he revealed in court with gusto that the remark had brought him 167 letters with proposals of marriage—"from sweet young things of twenty to homely, mature widows of sixty-six," he added. He kept barristers and the public in convulsions of laughter reading extracts from some of the letters. One lady wrote: "I have seen your photo. You may be an elderly gentleman but you look as if you had a bit of fun in you yet. . . ." The judge's comment was: "How right she is, bless her, there is still life in the old dog!" He exuded good fellowship, he would as soon quaff a tankard of ale as sip a glass of old wine, and he stuffed his pipe with strong black tobacco. But behind his bonhomie was strength and an ice-cool intellect. At Manchester Assizes he once thundered at the jury who failed to come to an agreement on the verdict: "You should be ashamed of yourselves—go away, consider it again, and come with a verdict!" After a few minutes the jurors filed in, agreed on their verdict. Of the younger judges, Mr. Justice Sellers, elevated to the bench only two years ago, has made the grade. He took over at short notice from Mr. Justice Lewis at the recent Hume trial, and proved in handling this difficult murder case, based entirely on circumstantial evidence, that he is as much at home in criminal trials as in intricate litigations concerning commercial disputes. His nickname in legal circles is "The Tough Egg," and it did not come to him by accident. In the first World War he proved his toughness by winning three times the M.C.

Returning to civilian life in 1919, he found himself adrift, jobless, nearly penniless, without qualifications, without a home, young, married, and with his first child about to be born. Yet, by 1933, still a young barrister, he was made a K.C., a few years later became Recorder of Bolton. In 1940, anticipating the official call for Local Defence Volunteers, he recruited seventy friends, organized a private Home Guard. After his unit was embodied into the official organization, his private little army remained to be known as "Sellers's Soldiers."

Lid Off The Courts

THE Chancery Division was once a Royal Committee, called "Equity," to which the King's subjects could apply for relief in cases of hardship. Thus it also became the authority to supervise orphans, and Charles Dickens made the "wardship of infants in Chancery" immortal. This wardship is still exercised, though on far more enlightened lines, but the division's main task is to adjudicate in commercial cases, concerning the tangles of company law, partnerships, mortgages, and so on.

The Probate, Divorce and Admiralty Division—though its scope ranges from matters connected with proving a will to those concerning piracy on the high seas—is best known as the "divorce court," Its former President, Lord Merriman, now a Lord of Appeal, gave the advice to the government which resulted in the appointment of Special Commissioners to deal with the flood of divorce petitions which followed the end of the war. Some figures from the files of this court speak better than words. After the first World War, in 1919-20 there were about 3,000 divorces, in 1945 the number of cases was 25,431 and the figure spiralled up by 1947 to over 50,000. The last two years have fortunately brought a decrease in broken marriages, but divorce figures are still disquieteningly high. In addition to the "divorce judges" a number of Special Commissioners in various parts of the country are handling these cases. It is to the credit of the British judiciary that while the legal procedure has been somewhat adapted to modern conditions, it did not lose its dignity and become a divorcing machine which would have made a farce of the bounds of marriage.

By the Law of the Land nearly every one of our actions is affected. It is a good fortune of this nation that the administration of the Law rests in the hands of men who are human as us, yet of great brilliance and knowledge, incorruptible and independent. Men who are willing to "defend the children of the poor, and to punish the wrongdoer whatever his standing. . . ."

END

The President And The Bull-Fighter

(*Continued from page* 19)

FOR five evenings she visited the Palace but never once again did she see the President helpless. However, he told her all that she wanted to discover. On the Friday, as he rose to bid her adieu, he remarked, "To-morrow night my heart will be numb thinking of your peril in the ring on Sunday and until the last bull is killed. . . ."

"The bulls are of the finest quality," Marya remarked. "I shall have the hardest task of my life."

Her eyes were suddenly so soft and melting that the President felt a shaft of ecstasy touch his heart. At last, he thought, at last. . . . She had been the hardest battle of my life.

"But come to me once more," he said.

"We have our superstitions," she said. "We of the bull-ring. Our fighting clothes must be suitably dedicated. On Sunday, I shall wear one for the first time. It is only right for the performance is to be of the finest. If it could be touched by your Excellency before being soiled, it would give me fresh courage, good fortune would attend me. It is a whim, a woman's whim. Would your Excellency be graciously pleased to permit me to dine with you to-morrow night in such attire?"

Gomez smiled. "My beautiful one. It shall be as you wish. I shall give instructions to my guards."

That evening Marya brushed aside the divine frock which her dresser held out to her. "No. I wear that."

She pointed to the bull-fighter's fighting clothes.

"But you joke," the old woman said.

"It is an idea of mine."

So dressed, with the sword in its wicker case, Marya was driven to the Palace. She was at once admitted.

Gomez kissed her hand. "Even now, you are beautiful," he said. "Perhaps more beautiful than ever."

Marya fought that evening with greater skill than she had ever displayed in the ring. She was provocative, alluring, distant. She begged Gomez to (*Continued on page* 62)

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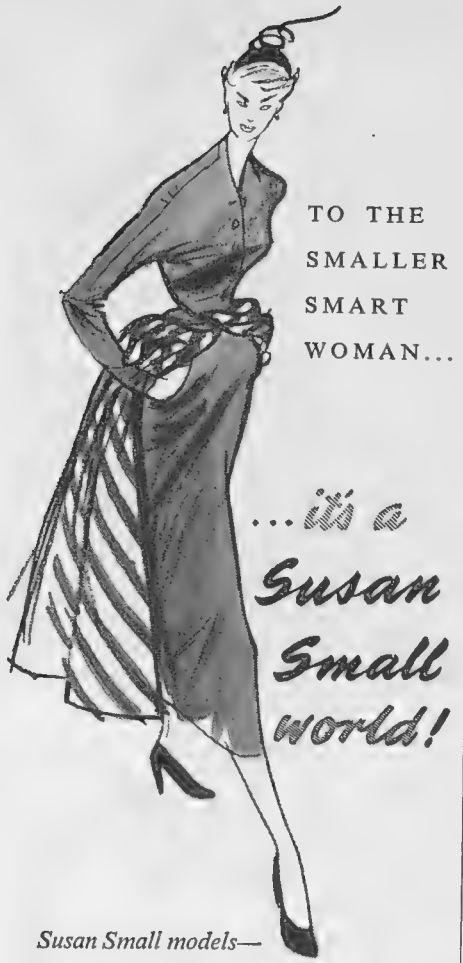

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tell her such a story once again. He filled and refilled his glass. His own exploits entranced him and he bellowed with laughter.

At length he made a gesture to rise from the table and instantly she was by his side, her strong young muscles taxing themselves to the utmost to support his bulk. Straining every nerve, she assisted him as far as the great throne chair. He sank into it wearily.

For a moment he sat upright, proud as an Emperor, then he glanced down with shame at his helpless legs.

"It is the curse again, my beautiful. In those clothes I forgot your sex."

"The fault was mine, Excellency. Your wit, the wine, the enchantment permitted us to sit too long."

"I can still embrace you," Gomez said.

"It must be an embrace of farewell then," Marya said softly. "The dedication of my attire."

For an instant she stood staring down at the sheaths of leather encasing the paralysed legs and then she went swiftly across the room to the place where she had left the wicker sword-case and she felt Gomez's eyes suspiciously upon her.

"I must be as I fight before I ask for your benediction," she said.

A smile touched the President's face.

Marya drew out the thin, shining blade. She walked very slowly across the room, her posture rigid. She might have been entering the ring at the head of the ceremonial procession. Opposite the President, she drew herself to her full height. Raising the sword formally to her brow, she saluted him.

As the blade dipped in salute, the point of the sword came to rest an inch from the President's chest. Poised, uncannily rigid, only the creases in the tightly stretched tunic heaved under the President's breathing. The slight movement of that tunic and the faint

The President And The Bull-Fighter

hiss of each breath—nothing else in that vast apartment appeared to have life. The girl's stiff, arched back; the sword, a prolongation of her outstretched arm—there was nothing here but a fixed determination.

The eyes of the President never left her face.

"Many years ago," Marya said in a quiet, even voice, "a certain woman in Grada was forcibly taken by a man. She was poor and wretched, without spirit and she loved only her husband who was also poor. In the fullness of time this woman had a child, a girl child, as a result of this union."

Marya paused, the sword held steadily within an inch of the President's white tunic.

"As you have told me, Excellency, it needed a man such as yourself to infuse courage and spirit into such blood."

She moved, ever so slightly, rising a little on her toes as she did when she sighted the sword before the killing of the bull.

"That woman was my mother. She died at my birth and my father shortly afterwards from shame. I swore at the altar that one day I would discover the source of my courage and my spirit. I have found them both in the one man."

The President's hands tightened their grip on the arms of the great chair. The veins swelled with the intensity of his effort to raise himself and his face was discoloured with passion.

As he opened his lips to cry aloud for help Marya made the quick, practiced lunge of the bull-fighter and the sword pierced the white tunic and buried itself into the chair's high back.

END

Overcoming The Criminal

(*Continued from page 20*)

bribes and extortions from the very individuals they were in duty bound to lay low!

The local prison was originally built to hold those who were drunk and incapable, or who misbehaved in church. Later, when roads were more frequented by travellers and coaching became general, highwaymen or criminals waiting to be removed to the nearest town, were confined in them.

THE most noted and also the most picturesque of these wayside prisons is undoubtedly the chapel on the bridge of Bradford-on-Avon, Wiltshire. Originally a chapel for travellers to pray for the soul of the builder it has passed through many vicissitudes, being in turn the lock-up, a tool shed and an ammunition dump for a Territorial unit.

Of the Round Houses that earn their name by their shape, the lock-up at Castle Cary, Somerset, must take precedence. It was built in 1779 at a total cost of £23. With walls three feet thick and a roof that must have been taken as a pattern for our policeman's helmet of yesterday, it is a shining example of what could be achieved a couple of centuries ago at little cost.

Instances where children were locked up inside this little prison at Castle Cary, come from records of 1785 when tiny mites of seven or eight were placed there for breaking the Sabbath. Probably a welcome change for the toddlers as their school hours lasted from eight in the morning until seven-thirty at night, with two hours break in the day—at any rate, they had no lessons to worry them during their imprisonment.

At Pensford, also in Somerset, another wayside prison probably contained more than its fair share of hopeless misery and bewilderment, for after the tragedy of Sedgemoor in 1685 twelve men were executed in the village by order of my Lord Jefferies—he whom the King delighted to honour and all right-minded folk despised.

But these little wayside lock-ups scarcely share the horrors of prison life in the days when Merrie England was proclaimed in song and verse. In 1690 there were sixty-five prisons for debtors in England and, when once the unfortunate one who could not pay his debts was shut inside, there was little hope of his ever seeing the outside of the prison walls again.

As soon as the debtor arrived, if he had any money at all, the sponging house was his reception room. Here he was charged board—as high as a guinea an hour in some cases—with extras for drink and food, until he was indeed sponged dry. When penniless, he went to the cells where men and women were pushed indiscriminately and left to live in filth and squalor unbelievable to modern minds. When money was not forthcoming, the prisoner was treated as his jailer thought fit.

But there is another side to the stories that have come down to us of prison life in the seventeenth century. In a picture from an old book dated 1691 we see the prisoners holding out a box to the elegant visitors, who cheerfully drop coins into it. One holds a bunch of herbs before his nose, a necessity when one thinks what the atmosphere must have been. There is singing and merriment in the background and plenty of space and air. Drinks could be bought—though not openly, it seems that there must even then have been some thought to the susceptibilities of the authorities—for the bars or shops inside where drink was sold went by the name of "tape shops" and the drink itself was called white or red tape, according to its colour, gin or brandy being the most in demand. There was no privacy and, if the crowd gathered together were rough, it was often good natured. It was not until the Old Fleet and Newgate prisons gave way to the more modern building of Pentonville Prison that solitary confinement was introduced. This, with its attendant evils of self pity and introspection has given way to a more social form of imprisonment where concerts and authorized visitors are allowed to mingle with the prisoners—all honour be to them—and the welfare and healing of the criminal mind is the first occupation of prison authorities.

END

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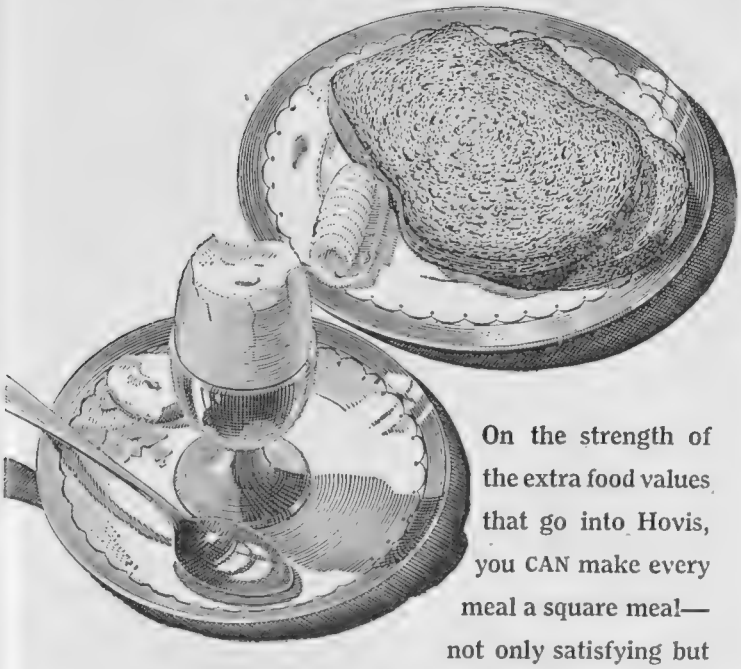

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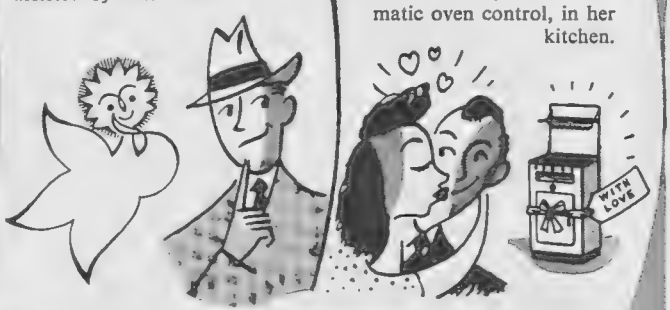
What about a walk over the heath, dear?

SHE SAID TO HIM:
I'd love it, Frank, but who's going to do the cooking?



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SHE GAVE HIM:
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Short Cut To The Seam

(*Continued from page 25*)

just politics, it's plain common sense. The shortest cut to the coal-seam, and the heaviest, richest load back : that course is vital for the welfare of us all, until the day when atomic power makes coal superfluous, and white-coated scientists replace men like Alec Milburn, Harry Toomer, Frank Bradley and the rest.

Let us see the new twists and turns behind the production drive; and then we'll visit the clubs and institutes, and see what makes the modern miner tick.

For a startling idea at Ashington's Five-Quarters seam, you have to thank a little group of men who are locally classed as "production planners." They've arranged a "drift" at Coneybarth. Cutting out all the technicalities, you can call it a short-cut to the way in. For generations the underground workers of Ashington have crawled underground ; until—up to two years ago—a coal-face miner might at the end of each shift have to walk, half hunched up, a distance of over a mile and a half; so adding an hour to the day before he could get home, bath and have a square meal. With the Coneygarth drift the hour's inbye walk is saved, and a bus takes each new shift to the head of a short tunnel. The drift itself was tunnelled through earth and running sand, and has a one-in-four slope. A 340-yard conveyor belt brings up the coal at the rate of 250 tons an hour, and the final objective is to get an average of 800 tons up that drift every day.

Is this story all success and optimism? No. Ashington has nearly a hundred other coal-faces, and over 4,000 members of the local N.U.M. "lodge." It might have been that the traditional distrust and obstinacy of the miner would make him vote against the drift plan. But, last October, Bob Main put the facts bluntly to the men in Ashington's historic Trade Union Hall. "Devaluation has put the country on probation," he told the men that night. "It is important for miners to respond—not because they're culprits but because coal is the most easily convertible currency."

I TURNED south, for a frank talk with the miners' leaders at Denaby Main. Sometimes "lay" (non-coal officials come into Denaby and Cadeby from the West Ridings, but man does not willingly visit a region so unlovely, so monumental of mean ugliness. If there is still a grim streak in the mental make-up of the miner, it does not all come from past history; it may be a harsh spiritual facet ingrained as the result of environment, at the mercy of his surroundings.

"Just after the war we found ourselves with eleven clubs and twelve pubs for a population of 18,000," Tom Hill told me. "Our local welfare institute was in debt. There was no place for the youngsters. The lad's dwellings, built during the worst industrial period of the eighties, crowded thirty to the acre. No sanitation, no street-lights : privy-middens were set up in rows between the miners' cottages. We couldn't work any miracles with those, but we could—and did—make the town a better place for the youngsters. We started the "One-for-the-Road" club, setting up a fund out of the bar takings in the Club."

"One-for-the-road" among the working miners has literally provided £6,000 in cash, with which they've built the finest Youth Centre I've seen in the mining areas. Workshops, a gymnasium, showers for the girls, piano, table-tennis, basket-ball, cookery lessons. The "One-for-the-road" club is guaranteeing £6 a week for five years, after which time the Youth Centre should be self-supporting.

What has this to do with taking the short-cut to the seam? If you lived in the drab slums of Denaby Main area, you'd have no need to ask. The Youth Centre brings a ray of sun into the lives of the young miners of to-morrow. Incidentally, as you may be asking what political shade these amateur town-planners fancy, here's what Tom Hill (pioneer of the scheme) says : "For thirty years there's been social security in this district—medical, home-coal and pensions. A hard fight to get each one of these things, but bringing with it at least the right for us to boast that we've shown the Labour Government the road !" The town's plans for Youth have come true, and nearly all out of the bar takings : and Tom Hill is a Salvationist, and lifelong teetotaller ! That's the sort of Gilbertian fact you discover when you travel among the men who are taking the short cut to the seam.

J. B. Priestley it was who recorded in this *English Journey* : "Your miner . . . is isolated, remote from the rest of the community, and generally in unpleasant surroundings, living in the beastliest towns and villages in the country." He could not have walked, as I have done, through the by-ways of the Forest of Dean. He could not have called on the Morgans and the Hales—men who in their compulsory working hours are coal-miners (mostly in the Waterloo and adjacent pits), but who in their volunteer working hours are shepherds and sheep-owners, farmers, or "sheep-badgers" as they describe themselves. These amateur sheep-farmers have a never-ending tussle with the Forestry Commission about their sheep-grazing rights, but the fact remains that more than a third of all the sheep in Gloucester graze in the Forest, and of the coal-miners nearly 300 of them own sheep—flocks ranging from a dozen to 300.

It is nothing for miners to come straight up from shift to go shepherding—which involves training their own sheepdogs, tending ewes and lambs, hunting straying flocks. That's how it has been for generations. Present-day mining families who are biggest shepherds among this mining community are the Hales, Morgans, Hughes and Jordans—their very names making a resonant Litany. They are split up among the six major pits in the Forest of Dean area, and the eighteen or so Free Miners' pits which are still kept working in this part of Gloucestershire.

Now while it is obviously a commendable thing to graze some 3,000 sheep in off-duty hours, you may ask what this has to do with shortening the way to (*Continued on page 66*)

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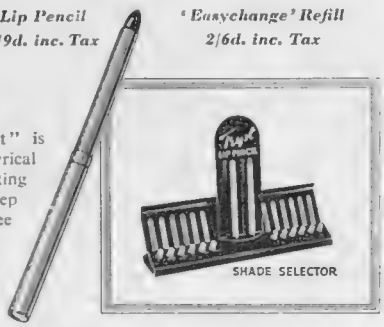

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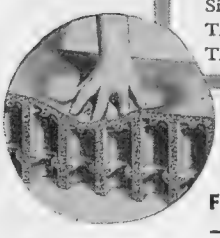

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the coal-seam. The blunt truth is that these little Gloucestershire pits cannot be fully mechanized. Here the human element will always prevail, despite Coal Board regimentation. And in the past few generations these miners have found that getting coal isn't all darkness and sweat, aching muscles and ever-present danger. Up above the air is sweet, the forest is green, and the sheep are grazing. Shepherding is hard work, but to the Forest of Dean miner it is grand relaxation after his day's stint. And, facts being facts, we find that the output of those men who are shepherds is a little higher than that of men who have not this fine interest to keep their minds active. END

Son Of The Spindrift

(*Continued from page 27*)

momentarily hid him from view, and by the time the exultant demon could pinpoint his position again Otoes's lungs were functioning and he was well on his way to points north.

A bull seal is a lightning-fast swimmer at any time. In full flight and hitting on all cylinders, he is really something for the book. His short head knifing the water and his flippers strumming like mad, Otoes kept on going till the sun dipped into the sea and darkness blanketed the world.

Nobody can say for certain, of course, just what goes on inside a fur seal's head, but it is reasonable to suppose that as Otoes ploughed through the witch-fire of phosphorus at a gradually diminishing tempo he must have reflected, somewhat ruefully, perhaps that in shattering the peace of the slumbering Pacific he had uncertainly unleashed a lot more excitement than he had anticipated.

Finally, coming to a stop where the blackness of the entire night seemed to have concentrated in a little pocket, he doctored his gashed flank with an antiseptic tongue then, after a careful scrutiny of the shadowy sea, settled down to the little catnaps peculiar to seals the world over.

The recuperative powers of a healthy fur seal, particularly those of a young bull, are phenomenal, and by the time dawn began feather-dusting the sea with splashes of lavender and rose, Otoes was fully recovered and ravenously hungry.

Reminded of his near-fatal brush with the killer by a sharp twinge of pain in his flank, he flicked his tongue over the wound, took a last look around and set off for the lower regions where, he hoped, he wouldn't have to cope with bloodthirsty orcas and their kind.

His capacious lungs full of air, he drilled down through the pressured depths to the silt-drifted floor of the shallow Pacific. Brought to a stop on the ledge of a subterranean cliff by the sheer weight of the water about him, he studied his surroundings.

Below him clumps of Laminaria and giant algae, both looking more animal than vegetable, gave out a faint luminosity and bent gently over as if being breathed on by some ghostly giant. Farther away, tall clusters of snakelike ferns curtesied in fantastic pantomime to clumps of blinking sea lilies.

To tell the truth, Otoes was anything but comfortable. His ribs ached from the tremendous pressure, his eardrums began to throb, and he could feel his eyes bulging from his head.

Had he been sensible he would have quit the ghostly place and streaked for the surface but, hopeful of making some kind of capture, he endured the discomforts and peered about the blurry depths.

Something must have warned the invisible creatures lurking in the shadows that he was an alien, an intruder from another world, because queerly shaped fish, some with lighted lanterns dangling on the ends of thread-thin antennae, and others with a multiple number of oars for fins, to say nothing of transparent stomachs, poked out from behind the mysteriously swaying shrubbery to ogle him with ghoulish eyes.

Presently, his attention was drawn to what looked like a two-foot patch of green grass, but which in reality was a smoking caterpillar, coming to life and wriggling off in a series of horrible hitches. Nauseated, he was about to snatch up the nearest fish, a pallid looking thing with dinner plate eyes, and get away from the fantastic place as fast as he could, when a forest of slimy tentacles looped out of a cavern behind him; and the toothless, parrot-like beak of a gigantic octopus snapped in his face.

This was just too much. Squirming free of the suction-cupped arms slithering sickeningly over his body, Otoes got his flippers in motion and struck out for the surface. Even killer whales were less terrifying than eight-armed decapods.

After that the bull seal confined his operations strictly to the free, sunlit world above the surface. Establishing an imaginary line through the sea, and keeping a sharp eye on roving backfins, he announced loudly and vociferously that this was his domain and that he was prepared to fight for his rights.

While one can only surmise as to what was revolving in his minute brain as he cruised the outer boundaries of his kingdom, it is altogether probable that he considered himself something of a rugged individualist, owing allegiance to no living thing, and capable of carving out his own destiny.

As a matter of fact, nothing could have been farther from the truth. Everything he did had been done before by generations of long-gone ancestors, and he was strictly a prisoner of convention, a rubber stamped copy of a million other seals.

Had he been left to his own devices he would, in all probability, have been quite content to remain as he was, in a sort of status quo. The gods that guide and shape the destinies of the seal kindred had other plans for him, however, and began building up inside him an uncontrollable urge to swing northward and make for the Bering Sea and the bleak, inhospitable islands of his birth. (*Continued on page 68*)

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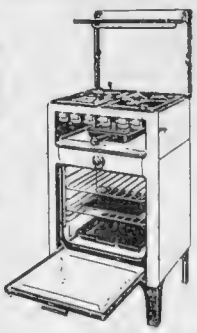

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Most of the time, during this northward flight, he remained on the surface, his flippers working ceaselessly and a little ruffle of creamy foam curling away from under his chin. But there were times when he would dive through the long rollers or go down and come up in gigantic, space-eating gaps. And it was while he was in the middle of an in and out dive that he ran, smack, into a sea lion.

Having no desire to tangle with the coarse-furred, lion-maned monster, he reversed his flippers and did his best to slip past. The sea lion was too fast for him, however, and raked his shoulder with great canine teeth. Then, lunging forward at deceptive speed, the ugly beast tried to clamp his jaws in the bull seal's throat. Evading the thrust by a hair's breadth, Otoes cut across the sea lion's course, did a backflip, and was out of range before the furious giant could get his massive body straightened out again.

One day, some hundred miles later, Otoes raised the Aleutian Islands that are strung across the entrance to the Bering Sea like a necklace of pearls. Surfacing with an explosive grunt at the end of a shallow dive, he was watching the breakers crash and pound on the ancient rocks when a small fishing schooner drifted slowly into his line of vision. Wary of man and all his works, he winnowed the offensive smell that came billowing down from the little craft then, filling his lungs, he slipped under water with the intention of bulling through the nearest opening between the rocks and putting all the space possible between himself and what all his instincts warned him were deadly enemies.

Suddenly, something cold and clammy brushed his sensitive nose, soggy strands that reminded him of octopus tentacles touched his flanks, and he found himself snarled in the schooner's fish net. The familiar taste of death once again in his mouth, he fought the slimy walls of twine in mounting panic, and slashed furiously with his teeth. The net simply billowed under his frantic rushes and pressed against him like a clammy shroud.

Meanwhile, far above him, the two occupants of the boat watched the jiggling corks in amazement. "Must be a shark of some kind," muttered the seaman with a scowl. "More likely a bull seal," deduced the schooner owner. "Then how about pulling him in?" suggested the first fisherman hopefully, "My old gal could use a new fur coat just now." "And get thrown into the clink," growled the other, "Grab the axe and cut."

Before the seaman could put the command into execution Otoes's teeth had slashed an opening in the strands and, festooned with ragged lengths of broken twine, was charging blindly through a narrow opening between the rocks.

Outraged by the degrading experience, the bull seal kept on going through the dark blue waters of the northern sea till the bleak islands had faded into the distance and the air was free of obnoxious human smell. Exhaling his breath with a loud whoosh, he slowed down and looked about him with hot, angry eyes.

Unlike the mysterious Pacific, the Bering boiled and seethed with life. Far ahead of him he could see the flattening wakes of the old bull seals, the virile beach masters, as they hurried home to grab the choicest spots on the rookeries. About him surged the smooth, slick shapes of bachelors and half-bulls, and behind him, though still lost in the immensity of water, moved the hundreds of thousands of little female seals that made up the bulk of the migrating herd.

Inoculated with some of the excitement that electrified the air, Otoes arched his swelling neck, pawed the water with his flippers, so to speak, and roared defiance at a nearby half-bull whose looks, for some reason or another, he didn't like.

Otoes sighted the bleak, rock-cluttered beaches of the Pribilof Islands one foggy day in June. Gulls dived noisily through the shifting clouds of vapour, and cream-crested breakers thundered on the shingle.

It is reasonable to suppose that if Otoes had had any choice in the matter he would have preferred going ashore with the pomp and circumstance that his new status rated. Unfortunately, the unpredictable Bering was no respecter of seals, be they beach masters, half-bulls or simple bachelors. Catching him up in soft, fluid arms, a gigantic wave cartwheeled him shoreward, hurled him bodily on to the beach, then scuttled back to sea with a muttered roar of triumph.

Momentarily stunned by the impact, Otoes sprawled inertly on the wet rocks till the sky had ceased to revolve and he had recovered some of his senses. Slowly raising his head, he looked about him. The cows, splashing ashore in droves, were already being battled for by the impatient beach masters, the entire beach was a mass of struggling bodies, and an indescribable chorus of groans, grunts, roars, and squeals of rage mounted to the heavens.

To say that Otoes felt at home in that mass of heaving bodies and bedlam of sound would be stretching the truth. As a matter of fact, cold chills rippled up and down his spine and he looked longingly at the outskirts of the mob where, up to now, he had habitually gathered with the other bachelor bulls.

Suddenly capturing some of the frenzy that seemed to possess the bulls all around him, he brought up a couple of bass viol notes from the depths of his cavernous chest and hurled himself headlong at a nearby beach master that had coralled a trio of sloe-eyed cows in a little depression.

Fortunately for him, the veteran was too old and tired to give his harem the necessary protection, Merely putting up a token fight, the weary beach master finally turned and hitched off among the rocks.

Figuring this to be some kind of trick, Otoes followed the vanquished one's progress with suspicious eyes then, putting his mark on the nearest cow by nipping her lightly in the neck, he arched his chest and sent reverberating out over the milling throng a loud roar of triumph, for his life had come to full circle, and he was now a fullfledged bull, a beach master in his own right.

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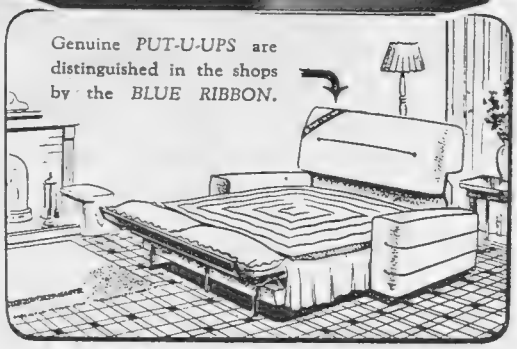

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Private Detectives Are Thriving

(*Continued from page* 13)

this article, was that the boom in private detecting could be only vaguely related to the increase of crime.

A healthy respect for the Yard ordains that anyone calling on a private detective with knowledge that seems likely to lead to a criminal prosecution is immediately referred to the police. Only after police measures have failed, or been stillborn, may private "dicks" consider intervening, though this happens very seldom.

We read intermittently of the Joan Woodhouse case being taken up again by "Private Detective Percival Jacks, former C.I.D. officer" acting on behalf of the father and three aunts of the murdered young woman. Mr. Jacks says he knows "whodunit," yet his fellow "dicks" don't believe he has a chance of beating the Yard. The C.I.D. may also know "whodunit"—but there's such a thing as securing sufficient evidence to justify a man being proceeded against on the capital charge. Anyway, the Joan Woodhouse intervention proves the rule.

Which is that Britain's private detectives prefer to stick to what they call "domestic business," a label covering a wide selection of human frailties and activities, from nobbling "jady" and "doggy" horses, to looking after the wife of a notorious individual while he's being tried for murder, and finding out whether suburban Mr. Brown knew he was a sick man when he took out his last life insurance policy.

Parenthetically, a jady or a doggy horse is one which is good but stubborn, which needs a shot of livener to put him on his hoofs, as it were. Suspicions of nobbling occupy private "dicks" with a new frequency, and one well-known trainer went to the highest private detecting quarter—Mr. J. E. Horwell, former C.I.D. chief.

Yet it is hasty to say that most in the business "have no qualifications at all" simply because they lack a police or Yard background. It is literally true that you or I could put up a plate to-morrow by the old front door—many private "dicks" have their offices at home—and await initial clients sent by friends, or on a commission basis. But that is not to say that you or I might not have superior insight, tact and agility of mind, to the ex-heavy treader on the beat.

Lack of experience of the finer police methods is not the trouble; rather the risks a client now takes in consulting this crowded calling It is a very happy-go-lucky one. Anyone can enter it; women, too; especially since F.-M. Slim has said they keep secrets better than men. There is no such thing as a fixed scale of charges; no code of conduct; no licence to take out. In the sequel, an undetermined number, but estimated to be nearly half, cannot be accepted as either trustworthy or reputable.

You may conceivably be consulting ex-convict ninety-nine, for all you know—committing deeply intimate secrets to his tender discretion. Crooks have been known to make small fortunes as bogus private detectives, using blackmail and perjury as their stock-in-trade. But—not so fast! Let us go back to ex-convict ninety-nine, who may be a reformed character behind his little brass plate. In that case might he not possess peculiar attributes born of past experience of criminal circles? Might not such a one declaim in true measure the motto *Private dicks know the signs and tricks?*

Yet for such as want to play safe, there's no question about it: go to an inquiry agent through a solicitor. All solicitors aren't angels, either, but there the water's getting too deep . . . the position is that private detectives get rather less than half their work from solicitors, and a list of reputable agents operating throughout the United Kingdom may be consulted through the Federation.

This information should be of value in particular to those ones who currently contribute most to keeping the private detective in business: women aged from about forty-five to fifty-five, overwrought cases or feeling the pangs of lost appeal, who rush to private "dicks" to have their husbands' spare-time activities checked. A dud agent will separate such clients from anything up to £100, tell them they'll hear from him in a few weeks' time ("I'm simply run off my legs just now") and—exit. Or he may not need to go to such an extreme as disappearance, either supplying faked information, or getting out of his doing nothing in some other way.

By contrast note the "dick" on the level. In many cases he considers he can be as much use to these women with their imaginary tales of woe as a West End psychiatrist, so he accordingly takes on the job for a "watching" fee of, say, £3 a day, plus costs.

The sound private detective tells you these cases comprise most of his business, yet he doesn't like them. If he finds no evidence against the husband, his client is dissatisfied. If he finds evidence, she is downcast and not infrequently discovers that the last thing she really wanted was proof.

If watching with whom people consort—maybe to establish honesty or character, as well as for divorce purposes—constitutes the bulk of a private "dick's" work, the pith and rawness of it comes with blackmail, called "moral murder" and "the vilest crime in the calendar after murder," although there are those who would demur to that, putting attacks on children as worse, and reckoning that some who put up with blackmail are silly to do so.

Be that as it may, blackmail is the only crime that private detectives believe they can handle more efficaciously than the police. The reason for this is clear: the mere threat of criminal proceedings made through a private detective agency can be sufficient to stop the blackmailer, and, of course, the police are in no position to make such a threat. They must act at once and to the full, and all the victim can then hope for is to be shielded from publicity as "Mr. A."—not that anyone can shield the features in court.

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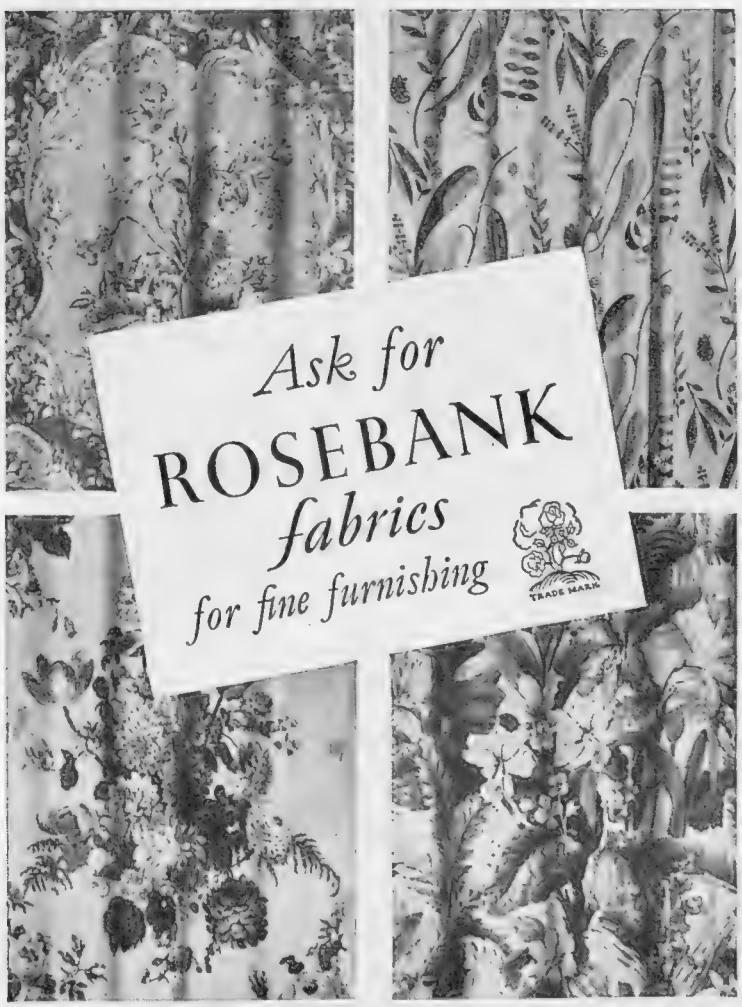

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Singing Axes (*Continued from page 31*)

"That's your trouble," he said. "You're too cautious. Just like a dingo."

Jack's hand tightened on the handle of his axe, then abruptly he turned and walked off to where the officials were holding the draw for blocks in the first event.

It was the 15-inch underhand chop. Now a 15-inch log mightn't sound a tough proposition to some overseas axemen, but all I ask is, have you ever dug an axe into a piece of Australian timber? If there's anything tougher than the local hardwood, then it's got iron or stone in it. So a 15-inch log is a test of any man's strength and skill.

Paddy, Jack and Dyson drew blocks one, two and three. There were seven other men in the event, but the draw had centred interest at one end of the arena. Word of the side bet, spread by Dyson, had reached even the people in the topmost seats and there was a feeling of electric expectancy in the air; they were going to get their money's-worth this afternoon.

The axemen sauntered to their places, checked the steadiness of the cradles that held the logs, rubbed their hands in the dirt, getting rid of the sweat, then stepped up on to the blocks. For a few moments their feet, clad in sandshoes, scrabbled for a hold, then settled down. They raised their axes, easing their bodies into a crouch, and waited for the starter's gun. It was a scratch event, with no handicaps, and everyone knew the winner had been reduced to one of the three men at the end of the line.

Dyson looked along at Paddy and Jack: "It should've been a handicap. It ain't fair to you amateurs."

Paddy straightened up to say something, but at that moment the starter's gun cracked. Nine blades sliced silver arcs in the air, biting deep into the wood, then the tenth blade flashed down. But Paddy was off-balance, unable to strike his proper rhythm, the thing every axeman must have, and to the experienced eyes looking on it was plainly evident he wasn't going to win this race. The winner lay between Dyson and the other Corbett.

Dyson and Jack were chopping in unison. The blades were just streaks of silver in the air and the blocks seemed to be disintegrating between their clinging feet.

They reached the halfway point in their blocks together. They sprang about in the air, turning to the other side of the logs, not even coming out of their crouch. In that moment of silence in each man's body, he heard the scream and the moan.

Dyson kept chopping, head down, arms swinging, the block diminishing beneath him. But Jack was already kneeling beside Paddy, yelling for a doctor, doing his best to staunch the flow of blood from the almost severed right foot.

In the small emergency hospital, while they waited for the ambulance that would take Paddy into the city, Jack sat beside the stretcher on which Paddy lay. He was covered in sweat from the exertion of his chopping, his brown shoulders gleaming with it and his blue singlet turned black, but when a nurse put a blanket about him he hardly noticed her. He just continued to stare at Paddy, lying quietly on the stretcher, his tanned face yellow against the white pillow. Then Paddy opened his eyes.

"How's it now?" Jack said.

"Pretty grim." Paddy's face twisted in a weak grin. "Wonder what the old man would think of me? Chopping off my own foot."

"What happened?" Jack said. "Did your block slip?"

Paddy shook his head slowly on the pillow. "It was my own fault. I shouldn't have let Dyson get my goat. I stood up to tear a strip off him, and that was when the gun went off. You know how it is. I was trying too hard, thinking about beating Dyson instead of chopping wood." He stopped for a while, biting his lip. "I'm sorry about calling you a dingo. I didn't mean that."

"Yeah, I know. Forget it."

Paddy nodded, and lay quietly for a moment. Then he said, "Dyson. Did he win?"

"I don't know," Jack said. "I suppose so. Most of the others gave up when they heard you yell, but that swine kept on chopping."

"Dead keen to get his fifty quid, eh?" Paddy was feeling the pain; his eyes were thin and seemed unable to focus, and the muscles in his big face moved restlessly. "Get his address. Tell him I'll send him a cheque."

Then the ambulance arrived. The ambuance men carried Paddy out to it, joking about his size and weight, and Jack followed them. They put Paddy aboard, then the driver said, "You going with him?"

"No." Jack looked in at Paddy. "I'll see you later, mate. Look after yourself."

Paddy raised himself on an elbow. "Where you going? You're up to something, I can see that. You going back to see Dyson?"

"Yes," Jack said.

"Forget it," Paddy said. "It isn't worth fighting about. And you could lick the daylights out of him, one hand. Forget it, mate."

"Lie down," Jack said. "I'll see you later."

THE ambulance drove away. Jack walked slowly back through the pushing, yelling show crowd towards the woodchopping arena. At the arena the axemen crowded about him, asking after Paddy. Jack told them where they could get in touch with him, then walked slowly across the arena. Dyson was leaning against the rail, honing his axe.

"That was tough on your brother," he said. "You can tell him the bet's off."

"It's still on," Jack said, and his quiet voice was almost a whisper. "You made the bet against either of us."

"What's the matter with you?" Dyson said. "You blaming me for what happened to your brother, or something?"

"In a way," Jack said; he stood holding the blanket about him like an old man. "But I just didn't like the way you kept on chopping. Everybody else stopped. But you kept chopping."

Dyson began to hone the axe again. "I been looking through the programme. You ain't in the tree-felling. I heard about you. You don't get off the ground. You leave it to your brother."

"I'm not leaving it to him this time," Jack said. "I'm taking his place. We cancel out the underhand chop, and start from now. The winner of the tree-felling takes the fifty quid. That all right?"

Dyson straightened up, looked at the gleaming blade of his axe, then looked at Jack. "Suits me. If you wanna throw away your money . . ."

The word got around that the bet was still on. Somehow even strangers to woodchopping learned that Jack Corbett, who had never been off the ground before, was substituting for his brother, the best of them all, and when the draw was called for the event the arena was so crowded they had to call in the police.

The "trees" are upright poles 13½ feet high, with the block to be chopped nailed firmly to the top. The axeman cuts a nick in the pole, fastens a board in it, stands on the board and cuts a second nick, inserts another board and once again cuts a nick and inserts a third board. Standing on the top board he cuts halfway through his block, swings down, dismantling his boards as he comes, and repeats the performance up the other side. His race is over when the severed block finally topples to the ground.

Here in the arena there was a brittle stillness, the onlookers absorbing the tenseness of the men walking out to stand beneath their trees. Ordinarily, axemen are relaxed, untroubled by nerves before a race, but this race was different. There was more than just prize money involved in this.

Jack stopped beneath his tree and looked up. His big face was like a mask, and of all the axemen, he looked the most relaxed. But when he looked up at the tree, it must have grown to the height of a tree that lived in his memory, a tree from which a tiny figure had begun its last long fall. For a moment he turned away, but for all anyone knew, he might have been just looking at the crowd to see if he could see a familiar face.

The men were moving their shoulders, testing their grips on their axes, going through all the small actions that suggested nervousness.

"Choppers, stand to your blocks!"

The men set themselves, waiting. Then the gun cracked, breaking the silence, and as if the gun had been fired for it, too, the crowd began to scream, glad to let go. The axes swung, straight and true, then the first boards were in and the men were swinging up. Dyson and Jack were already cutting their second nicks, balancing dangerously on their narrow perches. Up they went, now seven feet above the ground, then the third board was in and they were slamming the first scarves in their blocks.

Jack was a stranger to this sort of chopping, but the blood of his father and of his brother was too thick in him; inheritance and instinct gave him balance, and he worked with the grace and ease of an old-timer. The board was quivering beneath his feet, but he couldn't feel it. All of him was concentrated on the block before him and his axe swung in a wild, rhythmic frenzy, the blade seemingly alight with hate as it bit into the wood. Chips flew and fell, yellow in the sun, and the crowd roared itself hoarse.

Dyson was first to go down. His axe stopped, and he was swinging effortlessly down, dismantling his boards as he went. He was on the ground when Jack started to come down. In the next moment the crowd that knew the Corbetts saw the resemblance between the brothers, another of the things that made you always think of them as a pair. Jack came down in Paddy's style, what seemed to be one long drop, yet he brought all the boards with him, then his axe was biting into the other side of the tree.

Then they were at the top. The blades bit, flashed out, bit again. Jack could feel the breath splitting him apart, the blood tearing through him, his muscles weakening under the pressure. Everything in him seemed concentrated in the flashing silver blade: the shock of it slamming home, the dizzy speed of it as it swung, all feeling in the axe seemed to be part of his own feeling.

Then the blade had swung through and the block had fallen. Jack leaned against the tree, seeing Dyson's block just beginning to topple, a second too late, then he flopped on his board, dropping his head on his chest, and strove desperately for his breath and to quieten the mad powerhouse of his body.

He sat like that for almost a full minute, while the crowd cheered and men clustered at the foot of the tree waiting for him to come down. Then he stood up. He lifted his axe and with one hand drove it hard into the block. He stood like that for a moment, a giant figure against the sky, and there were men staring up at him who knew he had won more than a race, had done more than save the Corbett pride. That last blow with the axe had been the last blow in the killing of a ghost.

Well, that's it. The Corbetts went back to Kootapatamba and in time Paddy's foot was almost as good as new again. He was almost as good an axeman again. Maybe he was as good, but this time there was someone who could always beat him, in the underhand chop and the standing chop and the tree-felling. But Paddy never felt jealous of Jack. They were the Corbetts, and that was all that mattered. And anyhow he'd been the champ himself once.

END

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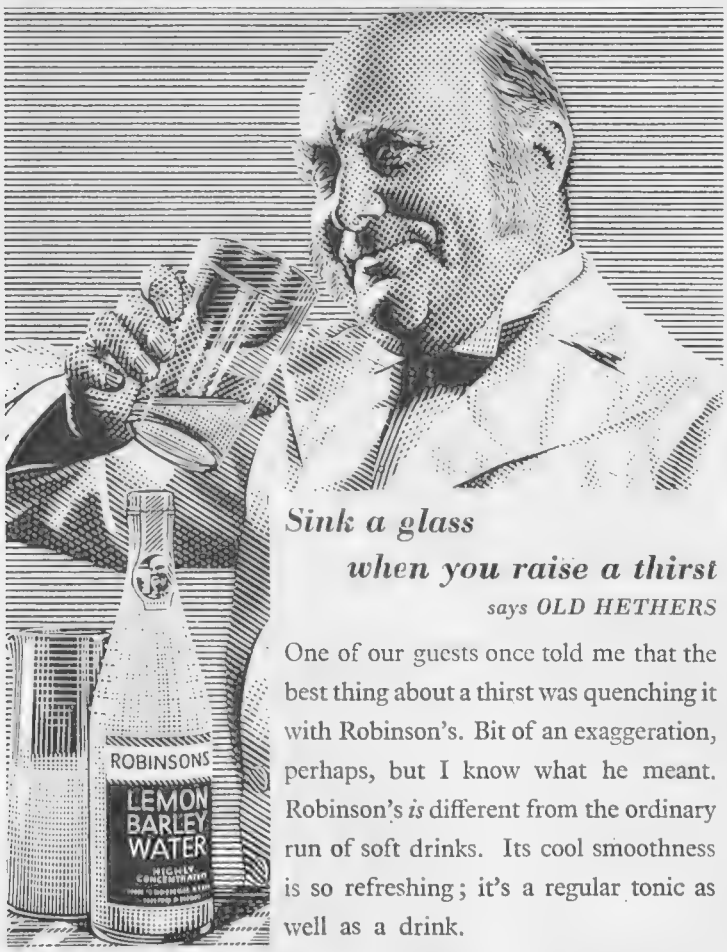

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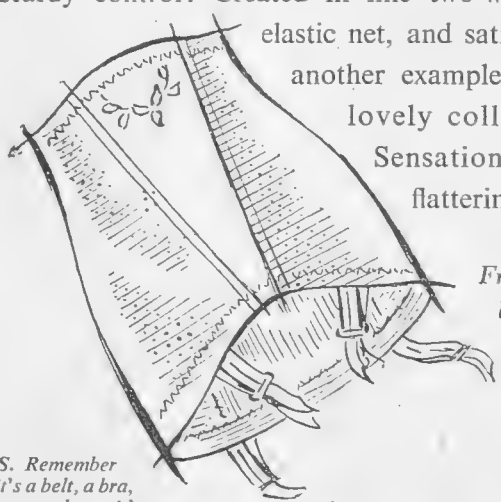

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Love And The Price War (*Continued from page 12*)

"Of course, you don't care," Beatrice said in a tragic and thunderous whisper, "if Jo starves to death and I spend my declining years in an old folks' home, so long as you can nurse your grudges. I suppose I'll have to straighten this out myself."

"Keep out of it," Tom advised her. "You'll get the full treatment. She knows you don't like her."

"You told her, you gauche adolescent," she yelled. "I'd like to skin you alive." She slammed down the receiver.

Groggily, Tom got up to grope through his medicine cabinet. A De Laszlo production, with Cissie in the lead, would surpass his most idyllic dream of combined success and happiness. He would even enjoy her tantrums, and they'd probably be married before the show opened. If only, by his fatal talent for the *mot juste*, he hadn't torpedoed his future.

The telephone rang. Concepts of sportsmanship, such as not hitting a man when he is down, are of human manufacture and not entertained by fate. Tom picked up the receiver with a wild surge of hope that Cissie was calling to say she hadn't meant a single word. But over the wire came the stern, familiar voice of a man in the credit department of the telephone company. It had generously been permitting him incoming calls, the voice said, because it had a heart as big as all outdoors. But its patience was exhausted. Service would be discontinued unless payment was made in full. "Send someone to take out my telephone at once," Tom ordered. "All I get on it is bad news."

He threw some clothes into a suitcase and went off to spend a week with his sister in Connecticut. She and her children welcomed him affectionately but he didn't enjoy his visit as much as usual. Every time he saw his innocent fourteen-month-old niece he was tortured by involuntary calculations of how much he could borrow on the insurance policy he had taken out for her in his palmy days. Such a transaction might be excusable if he had any prospects, but with a future as blank as his was—he manfully decided to swallow his pride, eat his words, and permit Cissie to dictate the peace. It would be bitterly humiliating, but preferable to robbing widows and orphans.

When he arrived at Grand Central, he ran into a young couple he knew who were hurrying to a train. "Congratulations, Tom," the girl called over her shoulder. "We were at the Lowestoft Room last night and those songs of yours that Cissie Cartwright sings are marvellous!"

Infuriated to learn that the concessions he was prepared to make had been pre-empted, Tom leaped into a cab, tore into his apartment, and scrabbled through the phone book for his lawyer's number. Only when he lifted the receiver did he remember that service had been shut off; but surprisingly, he heard the dial tone. His lawyer was not at home. He couldn't reach Beatrice or Jo, either.

Well, it didn't matter. He might as well go to the Lowestoft Room and find out exactly whom to sue and for what. He hastily climbed into his dinner clothes.

HE got to the Lowestoft Room as the after-theatre crowd was arriving. The maître d'hôtel ushered him to a ringside seat.

The first number was a dance team who did rumbas and other South American divertissements with catlike agility and languor. He kept his eyes shut and seethed. There was a brief intermission while a waiter refilled his glass without instructions to do so and then the lights went out, a spot came on, and Cissie entered, followed by her accompanist, who was Jo.

Tom sat up as if stuck with a pin. Too bad, after all these years, to have to sue a trusted friend. At least, you could trust Jo about some things. Old Jo, selling him down the river. He shuddered, and tossed off his drink.

Cissie made a gracious acknowledgment to the author and the composer of her songs. That will get her nowhere, Tom thought dourly. Then she began to sing. It was undoubtedly a satisfaction to hear his lyrics sung so well. He had forgotten how brilliant they were. He had also forgotten how beautiful she was. It was a shock, every time he saw her. Don't soften up, he admonished himself. She stole my material and corrupted my best friend. He wrote her a brusque note asking her to come to his table when her performance was over, and handed it to a waiter.

But the first person who came to his table after Cissie had taken her bows and the applause had subsided was Beatrice.

"I hope you didn't come here to make trouble," she greeted him.

"I came to get the facts for my lawyer." He rose and glowered at her.

"Now, Tom, you have the wrong slant, as usual." Beatrice seated herself heavily. "Cissie and Jo made an amicable deal after you left town to the vast relief of everyone."

He could see Cissie making her way towards him. At every table, people were trying to detain her.

"Here she comes now," he said. "I'd like to talk to her alone, so I won't keep you.

"You certainly will keep me," She lifted her finger for a waiter and ordered a drink. "I have a committee of three lined up to get you certified if you make me any more trouble. Now try to be nice. Hallo there, Cissie, I was just telling Tom we're glad he's back."

Cissie nodded coldly and permitted Tom to seat her. "How did you think it went?" she asked indifferently.

"Your performance was superb, as usual," he said, averting his eyes for fear his wrath might melt away. "Of course, you stole the material. There's no other word for it. Those lyrics are my property and you have no right to use them without my permission, no matter what Beatrice told you."

"Beatrice didn't tell me a thing," she said angrily. "I prefer not to deal with agents. Now don't lose your temper with me again, Tom Chandler. Jo and I had no trouble coming to an agreement."

"No doubt," he said. "But he can't act without me, as my lawyer will make clear to you."

"Don't be childish, Tom," Beatrice urged him. "Cissie is right, you're a pigheaded amateur."

Cissie turned on her irritably. "Beatrice, I wish you'd let me——"

"Cissie hit the nail right on the head," Beatrice continued, "when she said she was the only singer who could put your songs across. They certainly never made any sense before. She said to me the other day, if Tom doesn't stop biting the hand that feeds him, he'll end up writing verse for greeting cards."

"I did *not* say . . ." Cissie tried to interrupt.

But Beatrice was warming to her work. "I agree with Cissie, she doesn't owe you a thing."

"Beatrice, will you kindly let me——" But Cissie, who had to take care of her vocal chords, was unable to make herself heard. Beatrice was in voice.

"Jo's been lovely," she roared. "He didn't want to accept anything from Cissie for playing her accompaniments, because he has some sense of gratitude, but of course she insisted on paying him. Cissie is perfectly willing to pay when she gets something for her money, but why should she offer top prices for cold storage turkey? I don't blame her for being sick of you. Well—maybe you can get June Hailey for your next show."

Cissie turned to Tom desperately. "Is there any way we can get rid of this ghastly woman?" she said imploringly. "She's driving me crazy. I've got to talk to you alone, Tom."

"Goodness, my party will think I'm neglecting them," Beatrice said airily. She rose. "Remember, Cissie, Jo and I are on your side."

Bestowing an enormous wink on Tom, which involved all her facial muscles on the side that was not visible to Cissie, Beatrice sailed off.

"I see no point in prolonging this discussion," Tom said to Cissie between clenched teeth.

"Please, Tom," she begged him, "don't pay any attention to that horrible woman. She's trying to make trouble between us so she can put June Hailey in your next show. I was hurt at the way you talked to me the other day, but I *didn't* say those horrible things." She laid her hand on his arm.

"I know I was rude," Cissie said penitently, "but you always make me so mad. Years ago, you promised me something in your next show. Then you forgot all about me and picked June Hailey. And you never wired or sent flowers or even called up when I had a success. Then, when I went to you for night club material, all you had on your mind was getting as much money out of me as you could. I admit I'm not as extravagant as you are, but I'm not a cheap skate." Her voice was tremulous.

"Skinflint might be a better word," he said coldly.

"It wouldn't hurt you to be more of a skinflint," she said gently. "Now don't be mad, Tom, but when I called you the other day and found your phone was disconnected, I paid the bill. It was huge and I bet most of those long distance calls were unnecessary. I'll take it out of what I owe you."

"You had no business paying my telephone bill," he said, enraged. "I'm going to sue you for that, among other things. Just what kind of deal did you and Jo make while I was conveniently absent?"

"You're the worst tempered man I ever knew," she said dejectedly. Again he had to avert his eyes. When she looked dejected, he couldn't keep his mind on his lawsuit. "I had to go to Jo when I couldn't reach you," she said pleadingly. "I told him I'd pay your price for the songs."

"A sudden change of heart, wasn't it?" he asked cynically. "Apparently, Jo has some magic that I lack."

"Jo had nothing to do with it. I've always been crazy about your stuff."

He disregarded this overture. "It seems awfully funny," he said, "that Jo offered to play your accompaniments for nothing. It isn't like him. Unless there's a personal reason."

"There is a personal reason. If you'll glance to the right, you'll see her."

Jo was sitting at a table with the female half of the dance team. They were deeply involved in what seemed to be an absorbing conversation. Tom's face cleared and broke into a grin. He felt as if he had been reprieved from a life sentence. "Lord help me," he said jubilantly. "I'm going to have to work a Brazilian dancer into a show about the Quakers of old Philadelphia. Did I tell you, Cissie, De Laszlo wants to do my next show?"

"He wants to do it if he can get me for the lead," she said. "Who do you think sent him the script?"

"For Pete's sake!" He put his hand over hers. "You will be in it, won't you, Cissie? I know I've been disagreeable, but I thought you and Jo—I mean, I guess I was jealous."

"Was that it?" She looked radiant. "Honestly? Or are you just being nice because you want me to be in your show?"

"That's not half of what I want," he said eagerly, hitching his chair closer to hers and taking her other hand.

Cissie gave a slight gasp. Beatrice, on her way out with her party in tow, staring like interested sightseers, had paused by their table. "It's nice to see that you young people are happy," Beatrice benevolently informed Cissie, Tom, and the room at large. "But try to remember, Tom—you're not on a park bench. Where you would be, if it wasn't for me."

END

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Knitted And Embroidered (*Continued from page 46*)

p. 10) 3 times, k. 3, p. 23, (k. 3, p. 10) 3 times, k. 3, p. 5.

Continue in patt. as above, inc. at each end of every 8th row 8 times (133 sts.) (keeping all extra sts. in st.st.).

Continue straight until work measures 12½ ins. from the cast-on edge, then shape armholes as on back.

Work 10 more rows in patt., then change to k. 1, p. 1, rib until work measures 16 ins. from the cast-on edge. Shape neck thus: rib 39, cast off 29, in rib, (loop on pin) rib 38.

Continue in rib dec. at neck edge 3 times (36 sts.). Continue straight until work measures 19 ins. from the cast-on edge, then shape shoulder by casting off 9 sts. at the beg. of the next 4 rows, starting at the armhole edge. Rejoin wool at remaining sts. and work other shoulder to match.

THE SLEEVES

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 80 sts. Work in k. 1, p. 1, for 1¼ ins. Inc. 1 st. at end of last row (81 sts.). Change to No. 10 needles.

1st row (right side of work).—P. 3, (k. 10, p. 3) twice, k. 23, (p. 3, k. 10) twice, p. 3.

2nd row.—K. 3, (p. 10, k. 3) twice, p. 23, (k. 3, p. 10) twice, k. 3. Continue in patt. as above, inc. at each end of every 4th row 10 times (101 sts.) (keeping all extra sts. in st.st.).

Continue straight until work measures 6 ins. from the cast-on edge. Shape top by dec. at each end of every alternate row until 63 sts. remain. Now dec. at each end of every row until 29 sts. remain. Cast off.

MAKING UP

Join all seams and insert sleeves. Press carefully, avoiding ribbing. Embroider sprays of flowers on centre front panel of jumper, and on each sleeve.

END

It's Time To Knit A Swim-Suit (*Continued from page 46*)

SHAPE LEG CURVES

Cast off 8 on next 8 rows (90), 4 on next 8 rows (58), dec. 1 st. at both ends of next 5 rows (48) and on alternate rows until there are 34 sts. Continue without further shaping until 166th patt. row has been done. Now *inc.* 1 st. at both ends of rows 167, 171, 175, 177, 179, 181, 183, 185, 186, 187, 188 and 189 (58). Cast on 4 on next 8 rows (90) and 8 on next 6 rows (138); cast on 16 on next 2 rows (170) (back has thus 16 more sts. than front).

Dec. 1 st. at both ends of next row and on every 4th row following until 138 remain. Continue without further shaping until 286th row has been done.

SHAPE BACK

** Patt. to within 8 of end of last row, turn, **; rep. from ** to **, working 8 sts. less on every row, until the last 10 in the centre have been worked. Cut wools, put all sts. back on to one needle, right side of work facing, join r. wool, and k. across row, taking together the st. immediately before and after each "gap," thus: K. 7, (k. 2 tog., k. 6) 7 times, k. 2 tog., k. 8, (k. 2 tog., k. 6) 7 times, k. 2 tog., k. 7 (122).

Next row.—P. 9, (p. 2 tog., p. 4) 17 times, p. 2 tog., p. 9 (104).

Work 20 more rows in r. st.st., then cast off fairly loosely; catch down the cast-off row (purl side in) to the first of these 20 st.st. rows to make hem to match that on front.

Pin out and press on the wrong side with a damp cloth and warm iron. Work:

LEG BANDS

Holding the work right side facing, with r. wool pick up and k. 200 sts. evenly round each leg curve, in turn; p. 1 row; k. 1 row; p. 1 row.

Next row.—(K. 3, k. 2 tog.) to end (160). Work 3 more rows in st.st.

Next row.—(K. 3, k. 2 tog.) to end (128). Work 3 more rows in st.st.

Next row.—(Inc. 1, k. 3) to end (160). Work 3 more rows in st.st.

Next row.—(Inc. 1, k. 3) to end (200). Work 3 more rows in st.st., then cast off.

When both leg bands have been done, fold them in half lengthwise, purl side in, and catch down the cast-off edge at base where the sts. were picked up, to make hems. Press leg bands flat. Join side seams, leaving top hem edges open at one side for insertion of braid. Press seams. Cut a yard of the wool braid, thread it through top hem; tie in neat bow at one side.

THE BRA TOP

With r. wool, cast on 155 sts. and work in st.st.; inc. 1 st. at both ends of rows 1, 3, 5, 7, 9, dec. 1 st. at both ends of rows 11, 13, 15, 17 and 19. P. 1 row.

Next row.—Fold in half, purl side in, and k. every st. on needle tog. with corresponding st. of cast-on edge. On next (p.) row inc. into every 5th st. (186).

Change to patt. as on pants, *dec.* 1 st. at both ends of every right-side row, at the same time *inc.*, in two groups of 4 sts., on every 4th row, as follows:

1st row.—K. 2 tog. r., (2 w., 2 r.) to end, finishing 2 w., k. 2 tog. r.

4th row.—P. 59, inc. into each of next 4, p. 55, inc. 4, p. 60.

5th row.—K. 2 tog. w., (2 b., 2 w.) to end, finishing 2 b., k. 2 tog. w.

8th row.—P. 60, inc. 4, p. 57, inc. 4, p. 61.

9th row.—K. 2 tog. b. (2 w., 2 b.) to last 3, 2 w., k. 2 tog. b.

12th row.—P. 61, inc. 4, p. 59, inc. 4, p. 62.

From now on, dec. 1 st. at both ends of every row. Space prevents line-for-line instructions but guide rows (as before) are:

13th row.—K. 2 tog. w., (2 r., 2 w.) to last 3, 2 r., k. 2 tog. w.

16th row.—P. 2 tog., p. 59, inc. 4, p. 61, inc. 4, p. 60, p. 2 tog.

17th row.—K. 2 tog. w., (2 r., 2 w.) to last 3, 2 r., k. 2 tog. w.

20th row.—P. 2 tog., p. 58, inc. 4, p. 63, inc. 4, p. 59, p. 2 tog.

From now on, cast off 3 on every row still dec. at end.

21st row.—Cast off 3 w., then (2 w., 2 b.) to last 4, 2 b., k. 2 tog., w.

22nd row.—Cast off 3, patt. to last 2, p. 2 tog.

23rd row.—Cast off 3, patt. to last 2, k. 2 tog.

24th row.—Cast off 3, patt. until 54 are on needle, inc. 4, p. 65, inc. 4, patt. to last 2, p. 2 tog.

25th row.—Cast off 3, then (2 w., 2 b.) last 4, 2 b., k. 2 tog. w.

26th row.—Cast off 3, patt. to last 2, p. 2 tog.

27th row.—Cast off 3, patt. to last 2, k. 2 tog.

28th row.—Cast off 3, p. until 49 are on needle, inc. 4, p. 67, inc. 4, patt. to last 2, p. 2 tog.

29th row.—Cast off 3, then (2 w., 2 r.) to last 2, k. 2 tog. w.

30th row.—Cast off 3, patt. until 86 are on needle, cast off next (centre) 2, patt. to last 2, p. 2 tog.

Working on the last 86, cast off first 3 sts. and take last 2 sts. tog. on every row until 38 remain; then cast off first 7 and take last 2 sts. tog. on every row until 10 remain. Cast off. Join wools, right side facing, to the other 86 sts., on 31st row, and work up this side to match.

Right side of work facing, with r. woo pick up and k. 290 sts. evenly along top edge of brassière, from start of first patt. row, up side, down and up the little centre hollow, and down the side to end of 1st patt. row. Working in st.st., inc. at each end *and* dec. twice over exact centre, on rows 3, 5 and 7; p. 1 row; dec. at each end *and* inc. twice over exact centre, on rows 9, 11 and 13. P. 1 row. Cast off. Fold over at 8th row, purl side in, and neatly stitch down the cast-off edge at base of where sts. were picked up, to make neat hem. Before mitring the pointed ends of the hems, insert the thin round elastic in the top hem; fasten it firmly at one end, adjust to fit neatly, and fasten off firmly at the other. Mitre the ends.

Press with a warm iron and damp cloth, taking care not to spoil the shaping. Arrange the remainder of the braid as desired for shoulder straps—cross-over, halter or otherwise—and arrange a button fastening at back.

END

French Pastries (*Continued from page 55*)

round. Roll remainder of dough out again into a long strip. Spread with jam and roll strip lengthwise. Cut roll into pieces of about ½ inch. Put pieces upright round edge on round of dough and bake in a moderate oven for 20 to 30 minutes. Turn out on dish, then on rack. Decorate with a little icing.

NAPOLEON SLICES

Ingredients: ½ lb. puff pastry; cream filling; water icing.

Divide pastry in three. Roll out, wafer-thin in strips 4 inches wide. Bake in very hot oven, Regulo 9 or 475° F. about 10-15 minutes. Cool. Prepare cream filling by making ½ pint of very thick sweet custard flavoured with sherry and crushed nuts. If available mix in a little thickly whipped cream. Spread two pastry strips with the filling; lay the third on top, previously iced with water icing. Cut into strips about 2 inches wide.

TOURTES VIENNOISE

Ingredients: ½ lb. flaky pastry; 2 oz. margarine; 2 oz. sugar; 2 eggs; 1 small lemon; 1 oz. nuts; 1 oz. glacé cherries.

Line patty tins with pastry. Cream sugar and margarine. Add yolks of eggs, grated rind and juice of lemon. Whisk over boiling water till thick, but do not boil or mixture will curdle.

Whisk whites of eggs till stiff. Add a heaped dessertspoonful to mixture. Half fill cases. Sprinkle with chopped nuts and chopped cherries. Bake in quick oven, Regulo 7 or 400° F., about 15 minutes.

Mix a heaped dessertspoonful of icing sugar into remaining egg white and a pinch of ground cinnamon. Pile on top of tarts. Decorate with glacé cherries and dry for a few minutes in a very cool oven.

These tarts are pretty made in boat-shaped tins decorated with butter icing piped through forcing tube in place of meringue top.

Then we come to choux paste:

Ingredients: ½ pint cold water; 3½ oz. butter or margarine; 1 teaspoonful sugar; 2 saltspoonsful salt; ¼ lb. flour; 4 eggs.

Put water, butter, sugar and salt in a saucepan. Bring to the boil, remove from heat, stir in ¼ lb. flour to form a smooth paste. Return to heat and stir until it no longer clings to the saucepan. Remove from heat and stir in the eggs, one at a time. Stir and beat paste well to ensure lightness.

For petits choux, put teaspoonful of this mixture on a well-greased baking sheet. Bake in a fairly hot oven, Regulo 5 or 350° F. When cool, fill with whipped cream or mock cream and dust with icing sugar or spread a little jam and sprinkle with desiccated coconut.

END

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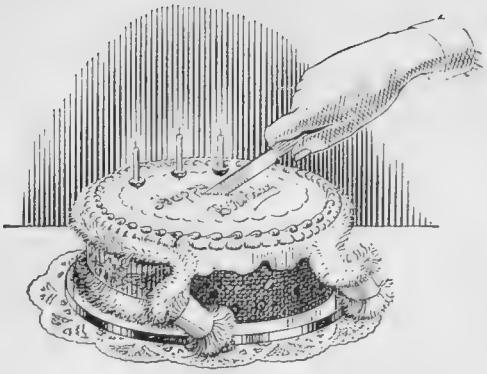

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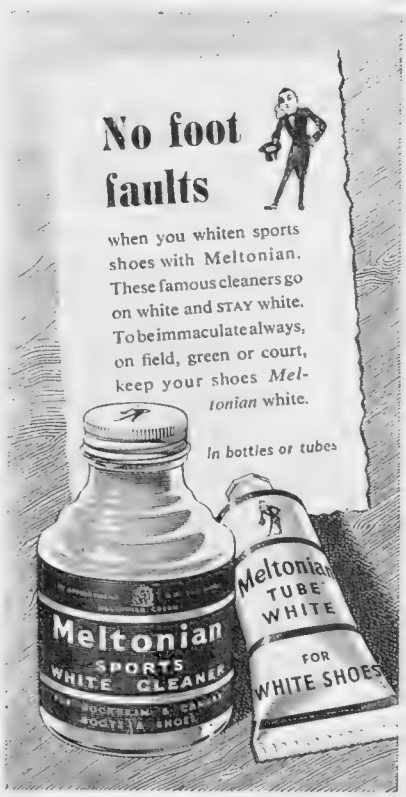
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MEAN BETTER COOKING

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I Rebuilt A Cottage (*Continued from page* 16)

arch, and it is undetectable from the originals. Next we laid the tiles, which took over two days; one of the worst parts was fitting square tiles along outer walls which wandered like a country footpath. And in our sublime ignorance we let the cement harden before we cleaned it off, which had to be done with pot scourers, inch by inch, so that our hands were corrugated as well as raw. At least, we said, that's the worst over. But stripping the walls was an unrewarding task, except for a chronological history of wallpaper design and yellow newspapers with fascinating paragraphs never complete. Under everything was a layer of obstinate starch which had to be scraped away, interspersed by something like toffee. But we revealed lovely oak beams and half timbering, and great open hearths. We had to build fireplaces, and probably expert bricklayers could not have been so successful in achieving that "ye olde look"; not only were our fireplaces copied and admired but they burned steadily and smokelessly from the start.

The crumbly walls presented a problem, for how were we to get anything to stick. Our ironmonger solved this for us; "Size," he said, "or waterglass." And size we used, so that the smell of bad fish was added to the other smells, and when it was dry we used "Snowcem" which filled in the gaps better than distemper and was damp-proof. At last our work suddenly began to show results; our room, red-tiled and cream washed had character and charm, and we sat on upturned buckets surveying it over cups of tea. Encouraged thereby we knocked down the wall between the two cottages, and turned the staircase of the second cottage round to make a passage through. This now gave us one large room (with the beams); two other rooms in the second cottage, and a small room, as well as two enormous cupboards, one of which we made into a larder and the other into a cloakroom. We found an old door in a shed which we cut down and hung where the wall between the cottages had been, and kept the old blacksmith-forged hinges which we cleaned and straightened. To complete the "downstairs" we moved the front door so that it led into the big tiled room; we transferred the thatched porch complete one afternoon, like a perambulating wigwam.

Nothing could stop us now; we rebuilt the second staircase, and put cupboards and shelves under the staircase and at the far end of the room. Then we moved operations upstairs, and began the scraping and sizing again. We had to weave laths over gaps where the thatch came through, and invent a plaster from horsehair chopped from an old sofa, sawdust and cement. Next we lined one room with plasterboard (unrationed) and battens salvaged from other places. This room, where we again resorted to Snowcem in a wild-rose pink, visitors thought "too sweet," and we asked some to stay on the strength of it.

It would be monotonous as a builder's estimate to list all that we finally did. All three bedroom ceilings and walls were scraped, and the ceilings washed and painted. (Is there no way of preventing paint from dripping to one's elbows?) We pulled down and rebuilt the large wash-house, leaving a wide entrance for which we made double doors and which is now a garage. To reach it we built a bridge of railway sleepers across the gully, and made a road to join the existing one.

Having gone so far we at last decided to approach the Council for a permit to put in a real bathroom and W.C., and the plans were passed. Up till then, by employing no labour, by using existing material and by keeping within the limits of the cottages, i.e., not adding to the dimensions, we had not required a licence, but it was necessary for a plumber to supervise the drainage and the Council's test. As the plumber couldn't find any labour before winter we dug the 50 ft. long trench and the 8 ft. deep pit for the double tanks. The soil was clay and gravel and every inch had to be taken out with a pick, and old foundations, tree roots, fruit bushes and other hindrances had to be hacked out. We had to throw the soil out on stages after we got down to 4 ft. and this doubled our labour. By great good fortune it did not rain, and we were able to get the pipes laid and the tanks built and rendered in that fine autumn. Although by this time we were hardened navvies, the work was still gruelling, and our appetites alarming. Added to our outside labours, meals had to be produced, prepared and cooked, and every drop of hot water heated on an oil stove. Never again shall I fail to sympathize with plumbers and all manual labourers who work in broiling heat or blistering cold with only a beetroot sandwich to look forward to between their vegetarian breakfasts and their meagre suppers.

But we had our rewards; blazing log fires in an open hearth, sound sleep, glorious early mornings and evenings, and the cottage reclaimed from a shambles to a thing of use and beauty. Every dab of paint and every hour's work now began to show results; elbow grease produced shining red tiles, and oak beams glistened where before they had been encased in pendulous paper. Visitors admired, and we could afford to look complacent. And, finally, the Council's surveyor congratulated us.

Our last job was to dig a trench from the septic tank, with land drains to carry the overflow. This had to start 8 feet deep, and we experienced the cramped conditions of the coalminer who has to swing a pick in a small space and clear away the rubble from under his own feet. At the end of 30 feet, owing to the fall of the ground, we reached the surface, and we directed our trench near a large oak so that the roots should help absorb the water.

It was hard to believe as we pulled the plug out of the brand-new bath that water would really flow through the pipes we had laid and the places we had dug. It was hard to believe when we housed a neighbour's car that the garage had once been a tumbledown shed, and as I lay in bed and looked at sound walls and floors and roof I remembered that all this had stood for a long time in danger of being condemned. There are many such cottages that could be restored to a long and useful life with a little goodwill and a lot of hard work. But the result is well worth while.

END

Books (*Continued from page* 34)

SCORES of photographs, besides old prints and diagrams, make **"The Wonderful Story of the Sea"** (Odhams, 12s. 6d.) remarkable value. Every main aspect of ships and voyaging, ancient and modern, is factually described in this fat quarto which youth will rave about and age enjoy.

HOW do you prefer your crime ration—light, grim, or just squalid? Nancy Spain's **"Cinderella Goes to the Morgue"** (Hutchinson, 9s. 6d.) is delicious: a *who-dunit*—one almost said doughnut—which begins with a Christmas panto, Twenty-four Tiny Tottenham Tots, and a murdered principal boy and ends sensationally in a drapery store with a lot of window-dummies involved in a frantic showdown with the slayer! *Thank you*, Miss Spain!

ONE day in the City office of a multiple firm at war with a rival is the time-spread of Eric Burgess's **"The Malice of Monday"** (Michael Joseph, 9s. 6d.), a melodrama in which a sales manager is in a heart-jam with two typists, a managing director has a chair flung at him in a set-to, and a brick chucked by a rebellious office-boy liquidates the boss at a board meeting. But lest you think we are back in the Spain panto, let me add that it is a serious business: a suspense thriller set in the every-day prosaic, with an unusual slant to it.

F. L. GREEN'S **"Clouds in the Wind"** (Michael Joseph, 12s. 6d.) is serious, too, though his underworld types have a fantastic unreality, as Dickens's had. Black marketeers, railway thieves, receivers and worse, they impinge on the life of Frank Chester, a prosperous business man, after he has separated from his wife following a triangle friendship which ended tragically, and met a self-styled "Emperor of Crime," Charlie. Mr. Green has a motive in steeping us in their squalor; he means us to know how rotten this kind of life can become.

THE irony of the murder in Anne Meredith's **"The Draper of Edgecombe"** (Faber, 9s. 6d.) is that it need not have happened. Her Victorian draper, Oliver Youngman, seemingly harmed no one when—a family man with grown-up children—he fell in love with a young shop assistant, Lily Brown, for the affair was kept scrupulously secret. Until his deranged son-in-law senselessly killed her, then Oliver was suspect, imprisoned, and the scandal broke up his life. Miss Meredith makes of her quiet murder more social comedy than tragedy; the market-town draper's is a masterly period piece, expertly drawn.

A NOTABLE first novel—Rose Thurburn's **"The Wilderness Is Yours"** (Michael Joseph, 9s. 6d.)—concerns guerilla intrigue, plot and counterplot, in an enemy-occupied country to which an intelligence officer is sent to win over one resistance leader in conflict with a rival: a situation of the Mihailovitch-Tito kind with scope for gripping drama.

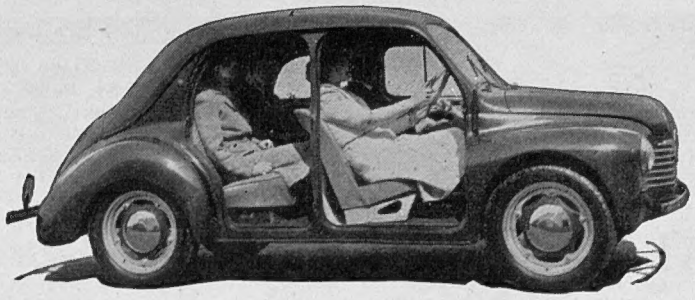
JEALOUS rivalry between public-school masters is no new theme, but in Patience McElwee's **"Pride of Place"** (Faber, 10s. 6d.) it takes a dual form. Andrew Crichton has to battle to save his younger brother, a pupil, from the baleful influence exercised by Rudy Fischer, a conscientious objector of questionable morals, and also to win from him the girl he loves. The school background is presented with knowledge, sympathy, and sensitive regard for the ideals it represents.

IN a derelict Berlin a shabby German girl offers Clive Moray a gold ring for fifty cigarettes, so that she may buy with them clothes to get her a post as governess to a Swedish woman's children. Later, in Sweden, they meet again and fall in love; but the German problem still haunts them in the person of her cousin Hans. That is the simple human layout of Anne Duffield's **"Beloved Enemy"** (Cassell, 8s. 6d.), a deeply affecting story admirably told.

ALUN, a chief's son, is the hero of Kenneth Fenwick's **"Dark Was the Dawning"** (Hutchinson, 10s. 6d.), an exciting "historical" pre-Roman and Roman Britain which evokes vividly the period.

BRISK dialogue, real-life characters, conflict of love and of social ideals in the New York publishing world make Edward Newhouse's **"The Hollow of the Wave"** (Reinhardt and Evans, 8s. 6d.) an up-to-the-minute U.S. story written with the first-person actuality of an autobiography. Style: "Betty Jane had most of what bachelors of my tender years were . . . prone to look for in a drum majorette . . . once, at a party, she had asked Theodore Dreiser if he wrote under his own name."

OTHER novels recommended to the attention of (*Continued on page* 80)



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This gives a smooth flat floor line free from gearbox and shaft casings—more leg room, more head room and all passengers carried between the axles.

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Why not test Tampax yourself? Just send 6d. in stamps to The Nurse, Tampax Limited, Dept. 1A, Belvue Road, Northolt, Middlesex, asking for *either* Regular Tampax No. 1 (suitable for all normal needs) *or* Super Absorbent Tampax No. 2, which gives 40% more absorbency for those who need more than average protection. Samples will be sent under plain cover.

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readers include: **"Two By Day And One By Night,"** by Vicars Bell (Faber, 9s. 6d.); **"The Outer Edges,"** by Charles Jackson (Peter Nevill, 8s. 6d.); **"Throne Shadows,"** by John Fitzgay (Rich and Cowan, 10s. 6d.); **"The Golden Fury,"** by Marian Castle (Frederick Muller, 10s. 6d.); **"Liar's Progress,"** by Muriel Hine (Macdonald, 9s. 6d.); **"Hunger of the Heart,"** by Rearden Conner (Macdonald, 8s. 6d.).

MISCELLANEOUS

"The Middlesex Hospital," by Hilary St. George Saunders (Max Parrish, 8s. 6d.); **"That Badminton Racket,"** by Betty Uber (Hutchinson, 10s. 6d.); **"John Milton,"** by Rex Warner (Max Parrish, 6s.); **"Maud Cherrill,"** by L. A. G. Strong (Max Parrish, 6s.); **"The Story of St. Peter's,"** by C. M. Franzero (Allen, 8s. 6d.); **"Your Holiday in Italy,"** a complete guide to Italy by Gordon Cooper (Alvin Redman, 8s. 6d.).

END

Touring Europe For Four Months On £50

(*Continued from page* 33)

Rhone Valley, with mountains towering all round.

At Grenoble we turned east towards Turin in Italy. Awed by the increasing magnificence of the scenery, with its glaciers, its foaming torrents and roaring cascades, we continued to climb, little realizing we were setting out to scale a height which only high-powered motor cars would attempt.

The journey through the Alps to Briançon was full of adventure. Often the auto-bikes, with their heavy packs, jibbed at the steep gradients, forcing us to stop and cool the engines. Sometimes the weight was too much. We had to remove the panniers, one at a time, carrying them on ahead and hiding them amongst rocks while we returned for the bikes.

One evening we were hurrying to reach a village for the night when one of the machines broke down under the strain. While we were trying to repair it, darkness fell, and we were forced to seek refuge in the only habitation for miles—a cluster of old tumbledown farm buildings, where we gladly accepted a bed of straw in a barn, some hot soup, cheese and a bottle of wine in exchange for coffee.

We found very little hot water in France or Italy. At this farm we washed under a tap in a stone cavern with cows, pigs, ducks and roosting hens eyeing us. We lay awake most of the night listening to the stirrings around but fell asleep as dawn broke, waking later in the morning to find three farmers staring at us through the half-open barn door.

In our stumbling French we arranged for the broken-down machine to be hauled to the top of the mountains, then freewheeled down to Briançon for nearly twenty miles, where a temporary repair was effected.

We could not attempt further mountain climbing on the bikes, so were forced to turn south to the French Riviera. At Cannes we sent to England for spare parts. There we found kind people who took us aboard their yacht, where we stayed for three weeks in return for services. Between the deck-swabbing, cooking, washing and shopping, we had time to swim in the crystal clear Mediterranean and laze on deck watching the luxurious motor cars and yachts and enjoying all the delights of this famous playground of the south.

When the auto-bikes were repaired, we set off on the road again, hugging the coast and passing through those little gems of the south—Juan-les-Pins, Antibes, and Villefranche, through Nice and Monte Carlo, where we climbed to the old town of Monaco, with its musical comedy soldiers and medieval castle—and so on into Italy, sunbathing and swimming in the blue Mediterranean as we went. At Lerici we stayed in the castle which had been converted to a youth hostel.

Here we spent several enchanting days, cooking on charcoal stoves and eating meals on the castle battlements. While at Lerici we heard news of the devaluation of the pound, which meant revision of our plans. We set off again through Florence and Pisa. We could not now afford the price of petrol in Italy, or the time to ride the auto-bikes to Rome and Venice as we had originally planned. They were sent back to Monte Carlo and we hitch-hiked our way through to Rome. After seeing the sights of ancient and modern Rome, we journeyed to Venice.

But now, after three and a half months' travel, funds were running low, so we left Venice and travelled quickly on through Milan and Turin to the French coast, where we collected the auto-bikes. So we reached Paris and London again, and 3,500 glorious miles behind us, a deep, gipsyish sun tan—and laden with presents for the family—all on our elastic £50.

END

James Baines And "Bully" Forbes

(*Continued from page* 24)

Thursday morning, April 22 . . . and though the flames were fought heroically the vessel became a complete wreck and lay at last like a huge cinder in the dock. Loss of this fine ship and her cargo is believed to amount to more than £170,000."

Four years before this tragedy, Baines had ordered another ship, an Aberdeen tea-clipper, the 2,492-ton *Schomberg*; and as commodore of the Black Ball Line Forbes was given her command from *Lightning*. She sailed for Australia on October 6, 1855, cheered by thousands of excited spectators; from her signal halyards flew the legend: "SIXTY DAYS TO MELBOURNE!" And Fate had struck again, this time at Forbes. Thirty-five miles west of Cape Otway she nosed her way into a shifting sandbank, and when her position was reported to Forbes he turned on the first mate, shouting: "Then let her go to hell—and tell me when she is *right up on the beach*!" At the subsequent Board of Inquiry, Forbes was acquitted of blame for the stranding, the sandbank being uncharted; but at a demonstration of his passengers in Melbourne "Bully" Forbes was more than merely censured; indeed, it was openly suggested that he had lost the ship purposely to express disgust at her sluggish performance. Nobody knew that Jane would never again wait for her man in Liverpool. She was desperately ill. It mattered not to Forbes that word reached him in Australia, that now he could never hope for further employment in a Black Ball clipper.

He drifted aimlessly to Calcutta, where he was given command of the sailing-ship *Hastings*; then, for a while, he acted as local agent to the owners of a Glasgow ship. Finally, he made his last voyage in the *General Wyndham*, a Liverpool cotton-clipper, and then retired from the seas. Sad and silent, mere ghost of the man who had helped create shipping history, in a bedroom in Westbourne Street, on the hill at Everton, from where he had watched the Tall Ships enter and leave the Mersey, he died on June 14, 1874, at the age of fifty-two, a bitter, broken-hearted man. He was buried in Toxteth Park Cemetery; on the memorial stone the epitaph: "James Nicol Forbes, Master of the famous *Marco Polo*. And Jane, his wife, aged thirty-three years."

A man's mind can stand so many blows, but no more; two years after loss by fire of the ship that bore his name, James Baines believed his star was setting; tempted to forsake sail for steam he became interested in two ill-fated auxiliaries. Then another blow; since 1832 he had maintained private and business accounts with a private company in Liverpool, and in 1865 the company became a joint stock bank. *A year later it suspended payment.* From that day the complete downfall of Baines was certain. So, in a period of nearly seventeen years, he suffered heavier blows than any average man, the cruellest cards that Fate could play. In 1855, loss of the new clipper *Schomberg*, and, by it, parting with Forbes; 1858, loss by fire of the ship *James Baines;* 1866, loss of nearly all his money through bank failure; and, heaviest blow of all in 1872, loss of his wife, Anne, at the age of forty-five years. . . .

At 24 Nile Street, five minutes walk from the little house where he was born, his daughter, his cousin and a nurse at his bedside, on March 8, 1889, he died.

He was buried in Toxteth Park Cemetery, in a grave numbered nine; nearby lay "Bully" Forbes, whose grave was numbered twenty-seven.

Thus, they came together again . . . these two men who, between them, each in his individual way had helped make history of the Seven Seas.

END

Putting A Name To It

(*Continued from page* 35)

to start under William and Mary, influenced by the Dutch, and a variety of lovely tables are still to be found in walnut and marquetry, inlaid with oyster wood or ivory, in designs of birds and flowers. The period known as Queen Anne perfected tables in walnut and introduced the slender curved cabriole legs. Gaming and card-tables were also in great demand and as these fold, are now much sought after by those living in less spacious accommodation.

Walnut went out of fashion with George I and circular-topped pedestal tables were introduced in his reign and have remained popular ever since. Gallery tables and pie-crust tables are the most well-known variants.

Nowadays we look for small, elegant and useful tables such as those designed by Chippendale, Sheraton and Adam. To quote Sheraton again, "the drawing-room is to concentrate the elegance of the house, it being appropriated to the formal visits of the highest in rank." The "Sofa" table answers to all our present-day requirements. These were perhaps originally designed by Sheraton himself, and are long and narrow, having two leaves at each end, so as to be convenient for placing behind, or at the side of, a sofa. They are normally supported on a centre column, extending to four curved legs with clawed feet when of the Regency period, earlier examples having two legs at either end, which often divide into splay feet, the edges being banded with wood inlay. During the Regency period, of course, the inlay was of brass. These, as well as the oval "Pembroke" table, named after the lady of that name, are now much used as small dining-tables, tea-tables and incidentally make very beautiful dressing-tables, usually having two drawers and large surface space.

END

1.6.50

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A-ah! here's the garden fruit...

BIRD'S CUSTARD POWDER

Such a feast of colour! Glowing fruits to tell of the glory of early Summer. Delicate strawberries, rich tints of cherries, raspberries and blackcurrants . . . the bloom of sun-ripened plums . . . the first apples . . . all for your delight.

And, how the velvet-smoothness of Bird's Custard complements the tang of the fruit, served fresh or stewed.

With Bird's you *know* that every bowl of custard you make will be equally creamy, equally smooth, equally perfect. Ask your mother and she will tell you that Bird's quality never changes.

Always better with Bird's Custard